Jos D. Armitage

The Bucks County Gazette.

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THE BABE AT BETHLEHEM.

BY A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

The night swept cool o'er Bethlehem's plain
And folded close the distant hill;
Alone the weary shepherds watched,
While all their drowsy flocks were still;
Above, the silent stars move on,
Each in its own majestic way—
Who dreamed the son of man had come
And in a Bethlehem manger lay?

No wondrous sign had filled the sky
When rank the flaming sun afar;
No ominous cloud with darkness came
To pale or hide the Eastern star;
No tumult filled the town or inn,
Where travellers tarried on their way,
Unconscious that the Son of God
So near them in a manger lay.

Along the surging streets of Rome,
Through all the Empire of the West,
Nor sign nor sound the hour made known
In which all nations should be blest;
That night Imperial Cæsar slept
On regal couch his cares away,
And dreamed not that the King of Kings,
At Bethlehem in a manger lay.

Only where simple shepherds watched
In fields which Ruth of old did glean,
Was the rapt song of angels heard,
The sudden, mystic glory seen;
And, when the heavenly song had ceased,
The heavenly light had passed away,
The shepherds entered Bethlehem,
And found the place where Jesus lay.

No marvel that they spread abroad
The saying that to them was told—
"Lo, he has come!"—the Christ of God,
The Saviour, promised them of old;
No marvel that with prayer and praise
Back to their flocks they took their way;
The shepherd of their souls had come—
At Bethlehem in a manger lay!

Since then, in all the changing years,
Where'ere the home of man hath been,
How few have heard th' angelic song,
How few the marvellous glory seen;
Still onward sweeps the restless world,
Nor pauses in its devious way,
To watch for Him, the Lord of all,
Who once in Bethlehem's manger lay,

Yet He, of whom the angels sang,
He, whom the wandering shepherds saw,
Took up the Cross at Bethlehem,
And bore it thence to Golgotha;
Not for himself this Cross He bore,
Not for Himself He trod that way;
O world! this is your Lord who once
A babe in Bethlehem's manger lay!

Dear Son of God, Thyself reveal,
Yet not as unto them of old;
Let us the later anthem hear,
Thy risen glory now behold;
Unseal our eyes, O Holy One,
And lead us in the living way—
So in our souls shall He be born
Who once in Bethlehem's manger lay!

O King of Kings! Thou Sovereign One
Whose word is sure, whose grace is free,
What are kingdoms of this world
Compared with Thine that is to be?
Bring in the day by seers foretold—
For which Thy waiting people pray,
When all shall own Him Lord and King
Who once in Bethlehem's manger lay.

CHRISTMAS.

"But is old, old, good old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good gray old head and beard left? Well, I will have that, seeing I can not have more of him." These are the words, quoted from "Hue and Cry after Christmas," which Irving prefixes to his papers upon the holiday in the *Sketch Book*. Horace Binney Wallace, of Philadelphia, said, in his severe criticism upon Irving, that his works furnished the original and model of Dickens' descriptive manner, and mentions the "English Stage-coachman" in the Christmas series as the preliminary study for the elder Weller. But is not the same series also the prelude of the great Christmas revival which came in with the "Christmas Carol" and all of Dickens' and Thackeray's Christmas books? Certainly Irving in a sense introduced Christmas to us. That is, he recalled and vividly reproduced the spirit of heartiness, of universal hilarity and hospitality and good feeling, which are traditionally associated with the old, old, good old Christmas to which he appeals. Thackeray says that there is no doubt Dickens' holiday stories were the cause of an amazing conviviality and good-fellowship, and Irving's sunny and cheery description of the Christmas games and dinner and general festivity immensely quickened the observance of the day in this country. When it was objected that his description was antiquated, and that his story lost probability because the customs were obsolete, Irving replied that he had seen almost everything that he described in the country on the skirts of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, where he passed the holidays of one of his years in England.

The Puritan element in this country long held old Christmas at bay. In Virginia, however, and wherever the establishment was paramount, there were relics of the traditional day. But as the Puritan rigor relaxed, and the national influence of the great Irish and German immigration began to be felt, a more festal spirit was developed, a more evident fondness for pleasure and enjoyment appeared, until now New York at least, observes the day not less than any other of the great capitals of the world. Even New England memories which are not very long can recall the scant honor that was paid to the day. * * *

Now it is a great and universal holiday, the happiness of the year. It is the feast of brotherly love, which is the essential doctrine of the religion it commemorates. And what eating and drinking! What immense good cheer! That comes from our Northern blood, from the ancestors who did not figure a heaven of harps and hymns, but a Walhalla of wassail-bowls and endless quaffing of mead; no sarsaparilla runnings, but liquid fire burning through immortal veins. Dickens' Christmas has been called gross and sensual—a fete made by the butcher and baker—the kind of Christmas that Kenny Meadows used to draw in the *Illustrated News*, where bald old gentlemen pledge in flowing bumpers shrivelled but still gay dames in caps, and the red-faced cook brings in a smoking plum pudding large enough to feed a city, and the whole world guzzles and gorges. But although Dickens is sympathetically just to the beef and pudding, it is the kind and generous heart which the profuse table symbolizes that is his real text. The spirit of his Christmas stories give an appetite for doing good things as well as eating them; the heart and hand are to open as well as the house; the carol that he sings is peace and active good will to men; the chimes that he rings are the accord of charity, patience, fidelity, unselfishness, with real happiness and genuine success. There are wise critics, who think that they have disposed of Dickens by calling him a sentimentalist. What is the sermon on the Mount? What is the soul of all religion, what is morality itself, but sentiment?—*Harpers Magazine*.

American girls, it would appear, have a clearer idea of the kind of education which they need in these hard times than their teachers. They are crowding into the art schools, fitting themselves as designers, engravers, etc. The recent mania for china too, is being turned to account as a source of income. There is hardly a village where women of artistic skill or tastes are not trying to paint and bake china. The society on East Twentieth street, and others, have established classes. Monographs and primers of the art are advertised every day. When the times revive, and the potteries now contemplated are really established, there will be no lack either of designers or decorators of china, and the art may be made as lucrative a business here as it is in France and England. Much of the finest work on the Limoges faïence and Doulton ware is done by girls and women, thoroughly trained for the art. In London, too, women are employed not only as architects, but as house decorators, painting panels, embroidering curtains, and in one notable instance (the sisters of a well-known literary man), they take the entire arrangement and adornment of the house in their charge, directing the upholsterers and furnishing for their part, not carpets or chairs, but ideas and taste. These ladies have grown rapidly rich in their novel calling. Our American girls are quick-witted enough to perceive that certain commodities are more in demand in the market than Greek, and they will be as eager to supply them as their English sisters.

A REMARKABLE PAIR OF SCISSORS.—The Kingston *Freeman* prints the following: "Mrs. W. B. Finch, in the upper part of the city, has a pair of scissors of a most remarkable quality. She has owned them for 26 years, during which time they have been used almost continuously, and have kept their edge without once being sharpened. For 15 years they have been used for cutting garments for the use of the Dorcas Society, and during the late war were kept constantly at work cutting clothing to be made for the Sanitary Commission. The scissors still have a keen, sharp edge, and that they have kept it for so many years, having done such a large amount of work, is certainly most extraordinary."

Full of interest—A long note over-due.

MISS TRUEPENNY'S FORTIETH CHRISTMAS.

Only a few years ago I saw her walking stiff and erect through the hall of her old home. Her gown of lustreless silk rattled on the old oaken boards, its stiff folds, clanging like pasteboard, and the high heels of her shapely boots stumped along with a measured precision. The still irrepressible brightness and warmth of her hair were hidden by a severe bit of three-cornered lace that fell over her high white brow, and heightened the dead, cold, passionless contour of her face. Her hands were clasped loosely behind her; her eyes bent to the door. As she walked there, the figure was not an uninteresting one in a grim, ascetic point of view, but not readily connected with aught that concerned the tender passion.

Yet many a brave soldier, and perhaps arrant rogue, carries a bit of lead with him to his grave. The bullet goes in and never comes out, but makes a comfortable bag and bed for itself, and has a peripatetic home for many a year. It may be that in that time long ago the rosy god took aim for another target, or hit this one in sportive jest, for she was, when quite a young woman, red-haired, high-nosed, and superior. This last the worst of all. She had mastered everything at the village school, and it was the general belief that while she was away for a twelvemonth or two, Elizabeth had learned more than was wholesome for any young woman to know; and when, upon her return, she actually took the place of her college bred cousin Matthew Gorse, as bookkeeper and cashier in her father's store, and was perched upon the high stool, with a pen behind her delicate ear, her slim little hands fumbling among bills and papers in the worm-eaten drawer, the villagers shook their heads and hoped no harm might come of all this wisdom that Deacon Truepenny had bought for that "hoighty-toighty darter o'his'n."

But Obadiah looked over at the rickety throne of his daughter, and not for the first time in his life thanked God she was not a son. In another part of the store lounged idly his nephew, young Matthew Gorse, and as the sharp ferrety eyes of the old man fell upon his comely head, they took an expression of scorn and disgust that told very plainly in what estimation he was held by his forehanded uncle.

"A clerk, indeed!" groaned Obadiah, who remembered his own bitter apprenticeship in that line—"trapesin' about with the girls at night, yawnin' and loungin' through the day, stickin' up his impudent nose at his betters, and findin' fault with his bread and butter—a clerk, indeed." Obadiah was about sick of it. "If he couldn't help out with the mackeral and ile, and was too dainty to pick out the rotten apples, why, he might go to thunder," would conclude Obadiah, who, although a deacon, was driven to the verge of profanity by this reprobate nephew of his.

"And as to makin' head or tail o' them 'ere accounts o' his'n" it was too much for Obadiah. "There was a screw loose somewhere. Squire Bronson hadn't paid that bill, nor Lawyer Bates nuther; lastways if they had, it was all mixed up somehow. He did'nt want to be rash, but if he found out anything wrong—" And here the old man's greedy eyes would fasten themselves upon his daughter's face. She was his anchor, his hope. "What with the tarnal fashion o' reckonin' nowadays," the old ledger was a sealed book to him. Matthew would push it over to his uncle, smile contemptuously, and lounge away, secure, as the old man well knew, that the contents were like a Chinese puzzle in his hands. But now he could look away from that scornful face and mocking smile, and gaze upon the calm, serious one of his daughter. It might not be lovely to some folks, but to him it was the one face in the world.

Her keen gray eyes, her high nose, her sharp-set mouth, were more alluring in the eyes of her father than any soft-dimpled loveliness. There was that in Elizabeth's face that lent comfort to his fretted soul, and a clean quiver about the girl's nostrils brought back his dog Bess to him, and often he fell to calling her by "Bess" [illegible] the only venture to a caress he knew how to give.

When young Matthew caught to this pet title, for he had always hated the grim one of Elizabeth, the old man grinned maliciously,

"Bess it is, young man," he said, "sure's you're born, and Bess was the best pointer the world ever saw. If you're been at any capers, she'll nose you out, mark my words for it."

And Matthew would turn upon his heel and walk contemptuously away, but surreptitiously he would watch his cousin from a distance, and as he saw the head of the young girl bent over the battered old ledger, her keen eyes probing that miserable tell-tale of a book, his soul began to be vaguely troubled. His contemptuous indifference for this young school-miss, with her shallow knack of deceiving her father into the belief she was so wise, yielded to a sense of mastery he found in that face, so pale, so proud, so severely cold. He did see that clean quiver of the nostrils; it was perfect; it was fatal. She knew all; it was but a question of time. She held in those pretty slim hands of hers his life or his death, his future manhood, or his eternal shame.

He found something tigerish in her toying with the fluttering pages of that wretched old book, and began to long for the time when she would swoop down upon her prey and end this agony of yearning and suspense.

For there had dawned within him of late, since, instead of the repulsive power of his uncle, he had found a higher, purer, nobler force to combat and fear—there had broken on his troubled spirit a keener sense of suffering, but with it the necessity for expiation, which amounted at times to an agony of yearning. He resolved one night to feed this desire, let it cost what it would.

He got up and sat by the window. For the first time he could look upon that bit of water shimmering yonder in the moonlight without a shudder. His hot eyes suddenly became wet; a sob escaped him.

Hour after hour he sat there, motionless, absorbed, the prey to that thought that in the ghastly gray of the morning took so dubious a shape it tore the heart within him. All at once he saw the blue cambric gown of his cousin flitting down the garden path. He crept stealthily down the stairs, holding his breath as he passed his uncle's door, and went out into the garden.

The fresh, fragrant air made him dizzy. He felt the pulses of his temples beat and his heart shake at the rustle of the bushes through which he trod. Nature had scarcely awakened from her sleep, and the moon was still in the sky. The garden seemed without a pulse, and the blue robe of his cousin, that was now but a step from him, took the shape, to his dazed senses, of a cloud that had floated down from heaven. He stepped onward, and clasping the blue of that cloud, fell on his knees at her feet.

The heart of this young girl, already touched by the tender grace of the summer morning, with the green of the grass, the twitter of the birds, the perfume of the flowers, by that indefinable sympathy of virginal youth with all that is mystical and sweet in nature—the heart of this young girl ceased to beat when she saw the pale, spectral face of her cousin, and felt the clutch of his hand upon her dress.

"You know all," he said; "you've got my secret out of that accursed ledger. Come put an end to my misery. Tell my uncle to-day, if you've a spark of womanly pity, Bess; finish it all to-day."

She stood quite still and looked down upon him. Even in that second of agony he thought her face was the purest and proudest in the would. He felt no shame in kneeling there. Apart from his crime, it seemed to him right that he, that every one, should be at her feet. But the suspense was overpowering.

"Speak—for God's sake, speak, Cousin Bess! Betray me at once, won't you? Oh, speak!"

"No," she said; "I will not betray you."

But as he got upon his feet, and took one long breath of relief, and caught the hand hanging at her side, she drew it away and held it back from him.

"Oh, yes, of course," said Matthew, bitterly. "I know what you mean; you'll shield me from disgrace. You've got a little more pride of family than Uncle Obadiah. He'd hustle me off to jail without a qualm; but you—you'll save me, and hate me as only a proud woman can. And, Bess, see here; I can't bear to thwart you; you shall have your will. Bess, Bess, what do you want me to do. Speak the word. Go and throw myself in yonder pond and wipe it all out forever. Oh, I swear to you I'll do it this moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and you shall look on and see."

He really meant what he said. He was overstrung with the weakness and agitation of those long hours of wakefulness, and there was something in the face of his cousin that stung him to madness. Just then he would rather have died than remain in the world with her. He made a plunge forward, but her hand now grasped his for one little moment.

"No," she said, dropping his hand and clasping her own. "I will not have it so." Her tone implied that she had even thought of this way of wiping out dishonor, but rejected it. The next words told why. "Because I can not bear to have you die," she said; and two big tears rolled out of her eyes upon her clasped hands.

"Oh," cried Matthew, with a groan of agony, "why didn't I know there was such a woman in the world? Now it is too late."

"It is not too late," said Elizabeth, gravely. "And—"

"What?" interrupted Matthew. "Oh, Bess, don't drive me mad. Don't make me live to despise me. Tell me, could you ever forgive me? Could you in ten, twenty years, if it went through some sort of terrible expiation at your bidding—could you have the womanly heart to endure me in the same world with you?"

A slight rustle in the bushes at her side started Bess. She looked, and saw only the graceful haunch of a Guinea hen; but it quickened the nerves of Miss Truepenny.

"Listen to me," she said. "You say you will do all that I did you. Do you mean what you say?"

"Yes, yes," he replied; "that is what I want—to do just as you will, as God is my judge, Bess. I'd have the strength now to even tell my uncle."

"No, no," she said, with a shudder, for she knew her father well; "but you must pay the money back to him, without his knowing it was gone. You must take three thousand dollars of mine that are lying in the bank—yes, yes, you must; you said you'd do all that I bid you."

"Oh, Bess," he groaned, "to take your money—your little money! I can't, Bess."

"You will, Matthew; you will borrow this money of me, and pay me the same interest for it that the bank allows. It must be withdrawn to-day—this morning—so that I can make the books right. It is dreadful to have them wrong. There, now; it is all over."

She put her hand upon his head with a sad sweet gesture of farewell, and as she left him it seemed to Matthew that the bushes parted, and where her tender, gracious face had been, that of a demon remained—a cynical, sly, sneering face, a face of demoniac will and purpose, the face of his uncle Obadiah.

Matthew remained for a moment petrified with fear and disgust; but the face vanished and it all seemed like a dream of his disturbed fancy. It was impossible; it could not be. Of course not. At breakfast there sat his uncle Obadiah, with his wrinkled face untouched by emotion of any kind. He ate with his head bent as usual to the table, once in a while casting a quick, furtive glance upon his daughter, which habit was a part of his meal.

As for Bess, she poured out the coffee with a steady hand; her voice had no power in it; but there was something always about his cousin that seemed masterful to Matthew, only it was wonderful such tenderness could go hand in hand with it. A hundred emotions took away his appetite. It seemed to him that his soul had just been born.

How different was the store that day! The gaudy placards upon boxes and bales, the fly-paper on the mouldy old ceiling; on one side flaunted gay-colored prints and petticoats, while upon the other stood sturdily rakes and hoes, shellers and feeders, even more costly implements of agriculture. The side window, with its narrow, dusty panes, its shelves filled with fruit and pickle jars, patent medicines and stale confectionery, held also the desk and stool of the accountant. Many a time had he perched there, a band of iron about his head, every nerve in his body tingling with desperation and despair. Now there was a high white brow there, cool and calm and passionless, a white warm body, but apparently without nerves; above all, a soul free from stain.

How different it was! The old flavor in the back of the building of musty grain and mildew, and down in the cellar the strong conglomeration of mackeral and oil, of brown sugar and molasses, of horse liniment, vinegar and home-brewed beer, of rancid butter and bacon, [illegible] these, mingling and commingling, failed to create the usual sensation of disgust to Matthew. He took off his fine coat, and pulling up his shirt sleeves, ramificated down in the very bowels of this damp, sticky, subterranean retreat, the half-shut, wrinkled, cunning eyes of his uncle following him curiously and with an ominous speculation.

Some disagreeable work was got over that morning, Mr. Truepenny seemingly willing enough to humor the busy bent of his nephew. About noon Matthew went above, and at the top of the ladder beheld the flutter of a blue cambric dress; it set his heart to beating painfully. Instinctively he took his hat from his head, and when Bess saw first that handsome spectral head, it was even with the floor. It was so handsome and yet so spectral a head that it reminded her of one in a picture she had seen somewhere, that of a cavalier prone upon the block, ready for the axe of the headsman close by.

She stooped and put into his hand a bit of paper. He bent his head over her hand, and as she drew it gently away, a loose flutter of ribbon from her sleeve remained in Matthew's grasp. He looked at it with a sort of greedy piety, and put it in his pocket with the check.

It must have been nearly noon before he could go to the bank. Obadiah seemed possessed with a desire to tidy the whole establishment, and worked hand in hand with his nephew till that hour.

When Matthew went out of the store he cast one little look behind. The grave, candid eyes of Bess, as they met his, wore the trusting confidence of a little child. A fleeting color touched his cheek. She nodded to him encouragingly. It was all he could do to keep calm, and he went out into the street with blurred eyes and a faltering step. Yet he thought he should see her again in ten, fifteen minutes—at the utmost a little half hour.

He walked on with a quick step, holding his head high, looking neither to the right nor the left. Many a passer-by noticed his preoccupied, agitated manner, and spoke of it afterward, as people will, twisting, and distorting everything into damnatory evidence against the accused. The money was paid over to him without question, the party counting out the three thousand dollars no doubt busy in his mind as to what speculation that red-haired, high-nosed young woman was about entering into; but he made no remark, and Matthew put the money in his pocket, where already lay that little treasure of blue ribbon, and went on his way to that red-haired, high-nosed damsel, whistling softly as he went, for the first time in years.

But he had scarcely gone a third of the way when he saw his uncle Obadiah coming up the street with one of their old townsmen by the name of Dobson—a lounging, shiftless fellow, who had lately been appointed a policeman under the new law.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From Blackwood's Magazine.

NIGHTWATCHES.

"Drop me a feather out of the blue
Bird flying up to the sun;"
Higher and higher the skylark flew,
But dropped he never a one.

"Only a feather I ask of thee
Fresh from the purer air;"
Upward the lark flew bold and free
To heaven, and vanished there.

Only the sound of a rapturous song
Throbbed in the tremulous light;
Only a voice could linger long
At such a wondrous height.

"Drop me a feather!" but while I cry,
Lo! like a vision fair,
The bird from the heart of the glowing sky
Sinks through the joyous air.

Downward sinking and singing along,
But the song which was glad above
Takes over a deeper and dearer tone,
For it trembles with earthly love.

And the feather I asked from the boundless heaven
Were a gift of little worth;
For oh! what a boon by the lark is given
When he brings all heaven to earth!

WESTERN HOMES FOR POOR MEN.—The Boston *Commonwealth* says that steps are being taken in that city to organize an association to aid industrious poor men in securing homes and farms, chiefly in the South and West. The capitalists who furnish the means expect, of course, to reap a benefit from their investment. It is proposed to buy tracts of land in various desirous locations, assist colonies to remove to it, furnish them with such supplies as they are unable to furnish themselves, and give the colonist a bond for the sale of his land when the cost and advances shall have been paid back. The land adjacent will be reserved to the association, its enhanced value from the settlements around paying a profit. The scheme is based on successful experiments of the kind heretofore made, but greater care is promised in insuring the protection of the colonist against imposition, and in securing to him all the benefits of his labor.

CARLOTTA'S FURS.

A Christmas Story.

BY LUCY L. STOUT.

It was not much of a house, nor very much of a man who entered it, on a raw evening in November. He had the shambling step and broken-down air by common consent supposed to indicate intemperate habits, but, in this instance, quite belying the character of the man. Natural "easiness," infirm health, and anxiety combined to produce the somewhat slouching, irresolute gait. He sank wearily into a chair, and laid his hat on the floor. He was a thin, fair man, slightly bald, with a pleasant, refined face, set off by a curling, blonde beard, streaked with gray. He held in his hand a copy of the *Evening News*.

The room was sparely furnished with the plainest necessary articles; a very little fire was burning in the stove, over which a woman was preparing the evening meal. She turned hastily toward him, revealing a plain, middle-aged face with a droop at the corners of the mouth, indicative of confirmed despondency.

"Did you do it," she asked.

"Yes."

"Read it."

He unfolded the paper and read—"For sale, cheap, a new, seal skin muff and boa, at No. —— Street."

"Nobody will come way out here for them," was her comment.

After a long pause, he said, "If I could only got something to do, I wouldn't sell them."

"You can't," was the discouraging response. "You look poorly, Joel. You had better eat your supper and go to bed."

The meal was eaten in silence, and, acting on his wife's advice, he retired, leaving her alone. She went to a cupboard in the room and brought out a muff-box containing the advertised furs. She examined them carefully, stroking them gently for a few moments, before she put them away, and then sitting down by the stove she covered her face with her hands and sobbed bitterly.

In the morning her husband went out in quest of employment. Shortly after his departure there came an emphatic knock at the door. She opened it and admitted a stout, rosy man, who asked, in a peculiarly pleasant voice, if he could see the furs advertised in yesterday's *Evening News*. He was plainly but substantially dressed, and had a wholesome, out-of-door air, which warmed the heart like good wine.

She brought the furs, and while apparently examining them critically, the visitor gave the apartment a searching and rapid scrutiny.

"Honest and hard up," was his mental verdict.

"Do the furs belong to you," he asked.

"Yes, they were bought for my daughter two years ago," she replied.

"Have they been worn?"

"No."

The monosyllable fell from her trembling lips like lead, and he saw a mist gather in her eyes. He perceived there was something painful connected with them, and in that sympathetic, persuasive voice, which very few found it possible to resist, he asked?

"Is your daughter dead?"

Five minutes before, wild horses could not have torn from her the story she now imparted to this acquaintance of a moment. This was partly the reaction of a complaining spirit, from long silence and repression, and was partly due to the character of the man, whose atmosphere was an invitation to confidence and an assurance of sympathy.

"You see," she began, gently stroking the muff, "we never had but one child, and naturally we set great store by her. I suppose we both humored her too much; but her pa spoiled her. From the first day she lay in her cradle to the last she spent at home, if he didn't see her the minute he came into the house, he asked, 'Where's Lotta?' He began to hold her in his arms as soon as she was born, and, the day she went away, she made him sit down after dinner and take her on his knee. I used to tell her she made a chair of her pa, and such a great girl ought to be ashamed of sitting on his lap like a baby. But she only laughed and pulled his whiskers, and said he liked it. And he did. Everybody liked Lotta. She was always as happy as a lark, and her pleasant ways drew a good many young people to the house, but her most constant companion was Susy Marsh.

"A few months before she went away a man by the name of Howard, who worked in a car shop near where we lived, began paying attention to her. I never liked him, neither did her pa; but we didn't say much, hoping she would get sick of him. He had a sly look and a plausible tongue, and was ready with a compliment at every turn. Lotta didn't get sick of him, and I began to feel uneasy. My husband made some inquiries, but no one knew anything against him. He seemed to keep pretty much to himself; he didn't loaf around and associate with other young fellows, so that no one was really acquainted with him. He had been in the city but a few weeks when he first noticed Lotta; and he told her he came from New York, that his parents were dead, and that he had knocked around the world since he was fifteen. He gave himself out to be twenty-five years old, but he looked thirty. The more we saw of him the more we determined not to let him hang around Lotta, and we treated him so coldly that he left off coming to the house. That vexed her, and she asked me what I had against him that I couldn't treat him well? I told her young girls couldn't be too careful about associating with strangers. She said I wasn't so particular with Charlie Tucker, and I told her I knew Charlie Tucker's mother many years ago, and besides, Charlie was only twenty years old, and Howard was nearer thirty. She fired up in an instant.

"'Do you suppose he would lie about his age,' she said with great disdain.

"'I said 'I don't know. I mistrust him.'

"'Her pa came in just then.

"'Well pa is not so suspicious, are you, pa?' she said coaxingly, sitting down on his knee.

"'She told him what I said and I could see that she was anxious. He smoothed her hair, and waited a little before he answered, because he hated so to cross her in anything. Then he said,

"'I agree with your Ma, Carlotta. There's something wrong about him, you may depend.'

"She jumped up and flung herself out of the room, saying, 'I didn't think that of you, pa.'

"She pouted for several days, but gradually seemed to get over it, only she was more quiet than she used to be.

"Late in October she said to her pa in her pretty coaxing way:

"'Susy Marsh has got such a pretty set of furs, sealskin. Can't I have some?'

"She sat as usual on her father's knee, pulling his whiskers. He told her Susy's father was a rich man and her's a poor one, who could'nt give her all the fine things Susy had. But I knew and so did she, that the furs were already as good as bought.

"It ran along to the day before Christmas. She was born on a Christmas day and we always kept it for her birthday. In the evening he brought home these furs and left them outside until he came in to see if Lotta was there, but she had gone to stay all night with Susy. The next morning she didn't come home, and as she had on her best cloak and hat, I concluded she had stayed to go to church with Susy.—Her pa was real disappointed, for he had reckoned on her surprise and pleasure when she should see how handsome the furs were. Dinner time came and no Lotta, and her pa went to Mrs. Marsh's after her. She hadn't been there, and he went to two or three other places; but no one had seen her. Then he met Charlie Tucker.

"'Heard from your runaway?' he asked laughing.

"'My runaway!' exclaimed my husband and his heart sank. 'What do you mean?'

"'Why I saw Howard and Carlotta at the depot last night, and I heard a fellow say they were going away to get married.'

"My husband turned and came home.

"'Wife,' he said, 'are Carlotta's things all here?'

"I knew in a minute what had happened, and went straight to her room. Everything that belonged to her was gone. She hadn't left so much as a hairpin."

She had spoken so eagerly to her attentive listener that perspiration stood in great drops on her face.

"How did she get her things away from the house unobserved?" inquired the visitor.

"Susy helped her. Howard bought a trunk, and the girls hid it in Mrs. Marsh's barn. Carlotta would carry over a few things at a time and Susy put them in the trunk as she had opportunity. She thought it was a great joke at first, and told all about it, bragging how they had outwitted the old folks. Afterwards, when things didn't turn out just as she expected, she acknowledged she did wrong, and begged our pardon. My husband forgave her, but I couldn't and told her so. That was a sad day for us, but my husband gave God thanks, as he always did and always will, for the darkness as well as for the light. I couldn't join him, and I doubt if I ever can again.

"Susy said Lotta would write and beg our pardon as soon as they were married, and when Howard was settled again she would come home to see us, for she knew that, no matter how hurt we felt, we couldn't hold out long against her. Of course we expected a letter right away, but the days grew into weeks and the weeks into months and it didn't come. Only to think of it! Two years to-morrow since she went away and not a word or a clue. Her pa advertised in the Buffalo and New York papers, but we had no idea whether they went east or west, north or south. Howard had taken up his wages and went away in debt.

"Nothing went right with us afterward. The hard times came on, the firm for which my husband had worked for ten years had failed and threw him out of employment. All the other shops were run with fewer hands and there was no demand for his work. We had a little money laid up and could tide over the winter well enough, but he had a long and expensive sickness which left him too to feeble work, if he could have found it to do. Then our house burned down with almost everything we had in it. In the spring he wanted to come west—'to get work' he said. But it was'nt that. He couldn't stand it to stay where everything reminded of Carlotta. As for me I was glad enough to leave. We had always prided ourselves on Lotta, for, if I do say it she was the prettiest girl around. I couldn't bear to go to church and have people ask if I had heard from her. When they left off asking, I couldn't bear that. Not hearing from her made her appear so cruel and unfeeling, and I couldn't even say for certain whether she was married. It is so strange that Howard could make her forget her home and especially her pa, she was so fond of him."

She checked herself abruptly, saying, "I've talked too much," and closed the subject by telling the price of the furs, which her visitor paid, took up the box and departed. He had left his horse and wagon before a corner grocery and, as he got in and drove away, he said to himself, with emphasis:

"I'll never fret again because I have no children."

His powerful team pulled steadily over the muddy roads, while his thoughts reverted to a drive of the previous winter when he had a companion, a bundle of madness and misery picked up on the street. He chanced to be in the city on business, when a poor neighbor was expected on the evening train. With characteristic thoughtfulness he determined to wait and give him a ride home. It was a wild night in December, and he walked out on the dock at the Central Depot, to see the dark river rolling and tumbling under the starry sky. The dock was deserted, and sheltering himself from the wind by a pile of lumber, he thoughtfully awaited the delayed train. A few moments elapsed and a figure brushed past him. Another instant and his strong hands grasped the garments of a woman just plunging headlong into the river. She gave a slight scream as he jerked her violently backwards.

"Hush!" he said, "do you want the police upon you?"

He drew her within the shadow of the pile of freight, and perceived that she held an infant in her arms, carefully protected from the cold. Shocked at the double murder contemplated by the trembling wretch, he exclaimed,

"Woman, would you murder your child?"

Her frame shook with a burst of passionate sobs, and she hugged the child so closely that it began to cry.

After a moment's hesitation he said, "I am a farmer and live a few miles from the city. My name is Charles Harding. Will you let me take you to your friends?"

She made a strong effort for self control and answered, in a piteous voice, "I have no friends."

Anticipating this answer, he said, immediately:

"Will you go home with me?"

"Oh, if you will take pity on me and my poor little baby!"

"Come," he said.

She followed him to his wagon and he assisted her in, and made her comfortable with robes and blankets.

"I have a trunk," she said, timidly, "with my baby's clothes in it," naming a street and number.

He drove to the place. A bold-faced woman answered his summons and muttered something about keeping the trunk if she wasn't "so glad to be quit of the whining fool and her brat." However, she made no opposition to his taking it, and he hastily deposited it in his wagon and drove home. His wife, stout and rosy, like himself, received this new member of the family with motherly kindness, and set to work systematically to bind up the broken reed with wholesome food and sunshine, light, active employment, and gentle insisting on social intercourse with the neighbors, which the poor, little storm-beaten blossom would gladly have avoided. She was little more than a child, with a sweet, pretty face, and a mass of curling blonde hair. She told them with many tears that her husband was dead, and she had no friends, and they forbore to question her closely. She was grateful, active, and as helpful as her inexperience rendered possible, but always sad. She sometimes laughed and played a little with her child, a fine healthy boy, whom she loved passionately, but the reaction came almost immediately in a burst of uncontrolled weeping. She had been with them nearly a year, and Mr. Harding shuddered to think how lonely his childless home would be, if anything should deprive it of the sad little mother face, or the lusty crowing of her baby, Benny. It was for her he purchased the furs, and he had a toy wagon, gay with paint and flags, for Benny, and a handsome shawl for his wife.

On reaching home, he distributed his gifts with hearty enjoyment of the pleasure they excited. The baby, not contented with his share, clutched the empty muff-box, while his mother held the furs in her hands, struggling to express her gratitude, and came rolling with it to the floor. A little slip of paper fluttered out, which she picked up and read. In an instant she turned on Mr. Harding a face of anguish, and with a convulsive sigh, fainted. He caught her in his arms, the paper fell from her nerveless fingers, and his wife securing it, read:

"A birthday present to Carlotta, from her pa."

Combined with her agitation it told the story which he conveyed in a few words to his wife. She had given her name as "Lotta Murchison," but that was so like Lotta that no connection was suggested to his mind with the Carlotta whose furs he had purchased.

On her recovery she told her simple story. They went at once to Detroit, where they were married and began housekeeping in a small furnished house. Howard soon obtained employment, and they lived happily for ten months. Nothing marred her felicity but the obdurate silence of her parents, to whom she wrote again and again, artlessly entrusting her letters to him to post. At the expiration of that time a plainly dressed lady called, and inquired if Howard was at home. Learning that he was not, but would soon come in to dinner, she asked permission to wait for him, saying, she had important business. In a few minutes he came in whistling blithely, as was his custom; but on the lady's rising and confronting him, he broke off abruptly, and to a fearful oath adding the words, "the game's up," hastily left the house.

The stranger then explained, as gently as possible, to the terrified girl, that Howard was her husband, by whom she had two children, and learning that he was in Detroit, she had come hither to force him to contribute to their support.

He did not return that day, and, during the night Carlotta's boy was born. In the morning Howard's mangled remains were brought home to the wife he had deserted and the poor girl he had so cruelly betrayed. Death had overtaken him in the form of a railroad disaster, as he fled from the presence of his victims. The lady followed his remains to the grave and, out of her own scanty means, gave him burial. Commiserating Carlotta's condition, with true womanly feeling, she left with the nurse the money found on Howard's person, a trifle over ninety dollars, and kissing the little pale face, went away. The news of Howard's death was concealed from Carlotta until she partially regained her strength. His death neutralized his perfidy. She could not disengage her affections from his memory, and she grieved for him, as women will for bad men whom they love. He was the husband of her heart, the father of her child, and she constructed a hundred excuses for his treachery.

Then commenced the struggle for bread which eventually threw her into Mr. Harding's way. She wrote imploring letters to her father, which doubtless, in time, found their way to the Dead Letter Office in Washington. She could not pay the rent and a new tenant was put into the house. To her she pawned her clothing and trinkets, until destitution stared her in the face. Then she took her baby in her arms and went out to seek employment. Needless to tell the result, or picture the indignities a pretty, inexperienced girl must endure under the circumstances. She was told frequently, that if she would dispose of her baby she would find no difficulty in procuring light employment suitable for her, but she would as soon have parted with her soul. The day of the evening in which she attempted suicide, she became desperate. She had applied, as often before, unsuccessfully, for a situation she saw advertised, and her horror of the shameless woman with whom she lodged, had grown so strong that she shrank from her as from the pestilence. The mad thought of suicide thrust itself upon her. Seeking blindly for the river she came out on the dock, and was drawn by the hand of the All Father from the outer darkness of an unfriendly world into the warm shelter of a home.

Mr. Harding's horses were immediately harnessed and retraced their way to No——, —— Street. He represented to Mrs. Murchison that having repeated her sorrowful story to his wife, she had conceived the idea that there could be no Christmas at their house unless Mr. and Mrs. Murchison would return with him and spend the holiday. It required the outlay of considerable persuasive eloquence to induce them to yield, but Mr. Harding proved equal to the occasion. He was so big with joy that one whole seat in the wagon was barely sufficient for him.

Picture the reunion, the kisses and embraces; Carlotta on her father's knee, her tears over the blonde beard grown gray since she last stroked it; her bitter regret for her willfulness; her tenderness towards Howard's memory; her pride in her boy; her fond gratitude to the good Hardings! Of course Mr. Murchison said grace at the Christmas dinner, and the following is a faithful transcript of his words:

"How wonderful are thy ways, O God, how minute thy providential care! Thou didst afflict us with poverty that Thou mightest make us rich. Thou didst overwhelm us with sorrow that Thou mightest crown us with joy; Thou didst conceal in thy hand the times and the means of blessing and didst make the herald of necessity the harbinger of gladness. Always we pray with thanksgiving, THY WILL BE DONE!"

"THE WORTHY POOR."

BY MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE.

A dog of morals, firm and sure,
Went out to seek the "worthy poor."
"Dear things!" she said, "I'll find them out,
And end their woes, without a doubt."

She wandered east, she wandered west,
And many dogs her vision blest,—
Some well-to-do, some rich indeed,
And some—ah! very much in need.

So poor they were!—without a bone,
Battered and footsore, sad and lone;
No friends, no help. "What lives they've led,
To come to this!" our doggie said.

"I ought not give to them; I'm sure
They cannot be the worthy poor.
They must have fought or been disgraced,
My charity must be well placed.

Some dogs she found, quite to her mind;
So thrifty they—so sleek and kind!
"Ah me!" she said, "were they in need,
To hold them would be joy indeed."

'Twas still the same day in, day out,—
The poorest dogs were poor, no doubt;
But they were neither clean or wise,
As she could see with half her eyes.

'T is strange what faults come out to view
When folks are poor. She said, "'T is true
They need some help; but as for me,
I must not waste my charity."

So home she went, and dropped a tear.
I've done my duty, that is clear.
I've searched and searched the village round
And not one 'worthy poor' I've found."

And all this while, the sick and lame
And hungry suffered all the same
They were not pleasant, were not neat—
But she had more than she could eat!

And don't you think it was a sin?
Was hers the right way to begin?
No, no! it was not right, I'm sure,
For she was rich and they were poor.

O ye who have enough to spare!
To suffering give your ready care;
Waste not your charitable mood
Only in sifting out the good.

For, on the whole, though it is right
To keep the "worthy poor" in sight,
This world would run with scarce a hitch
If all could find the *worthy rich*.

THE ROD AND THE GUN.

Matters Original and Compiled Relating to Shooting, Fishing, Natural History, and the Protection of Fish and Game.

Hints on Dog Breaking.

A writer in *Forest and Stream* says:—To become a good dog trainer a man must be at all times and under all circumstances cool and collected. No passionate man need ever lay the flattering unction to his soul that he is capable of giving a puppy a polite field education. A man to make a good trainer should have a firm nature, giving his *protege* at once confidence, affection and implicit obedience. He should also have an abiding faith in his success. Should I fail to-day I will succeed to-morrow. Don't get fretted; you must have a miserable cur if he can't tell when you are mad. If you do not possess the patience and time necessary for this, or the temper, adequate, take my advice and send your puppy to a first-class breaker. Those who have not the means and opportunity to give their puppies to a breaker will allow me in a spirit of meekness to extend to them my experience and observations:

First, get you a well-bred puppy, for blood will tell on some part of the course. Nothing, not even the finest training, can ever compensate for bad blood. If possible have an old and well-trained dog to break your puppies with. Never teach him anything you do not think will be of value to him on the field. Talk as little as possible to your dog; teach him to do your bidding by the motion of your hand. Never teach your dog anything by word that you can teach him by signs. In teaching your puppy to "down" never tell your puppy to "charge" or "down charge." No man ever attempted a greater nuisance with a decent dog. Any dog of moderate intelligence knows that in the ordinary parlance of life, "charge" does not mean lie down. Tell him to "down" and motion him down with your hand, and make him down. In a few days he will understand you; then from that day thenceforth and forever motion him down and make him obey you. When you have taught your puppy to down, your next and very important lesson is to teach him to flush his game when commanded. My first lessons in this respect are given puppies over their feed. Make your puppy down by a simple motion of the hand, and when down make him remain until you tell him to "Go," a short and simple word, and one easily learned by a dog, especially when food is the incentive to action. The first time he makes game allow him to stand, say ten or fifteen minutes, then tell him to "Go"—and you will have, nine times out of ten, the pleasure of seeing him stand as still as a stone. Don't abuse him. This will teach him to be staunch. As he grows older, should he turn a deaf ear to your entreaty, resort to the whip. When on a point command him to Go, and should he refuse, follow at once with a crack of the whip, this will effectually break him of this evil way. To teach a dog to retrieve, and to do it well, is one of the most important parts of his education. Take him in one of his playful moods an hour or so after a light meal and, with an old leather glove, a few evenings work will teach him to retrieve and to do it well. Never whip a dog for not retrieving, and always caress him, when well done, and it will soon become a pleasure to him. If a shot has proved ineffective I tell him "Lost," and mean just what I say. With a little training any dog of moderate brains will soon learn what is wanted, and do it. If I want my dog to be steady, I raise my hand and shake it. This is one of the easiest signs learned by a dog, and once learned never forgotten. If I want my dog to hunt certain ground, I motion him there. This power of motioning a dog when you want him is almost indispensable in working dogs in braces, and is one part of a field education that no dog should ever be without; and it is remarkable how quick a well-trained dog catches any sign from his breaker when once trained to obey them. I once knew a pointer who was so well trained in this respect that when his breaker would get down and crawl up to the game the dog would crawl along on the ground, and when his breaker would get up he would do likewise. If crossing a fence a single motion of the hand would stop him there. Most good breakers of the present day train their hounds to drop to shot, and with the vast majority of men who handle dogs this is undoubtedly the best. I far prefer having a dog trained to stand "firm as rock of castle roof," no matter if a bird is fluttering within three feet of his nose.

This, if properly learned, is the crowning part of a dog's education, and the noblest part of his field performance. I once owned a dog whose education in this respect was perfect, and many, many times have I seen him work down a covey with a precision that was not excelled by any human being, and at a motion from the hand he would raise his head and trot straight to a point. I do not think I would advise novices to try to teach a dog to stand. It is the hardest lesson of a dog's life to learn to stand on all occasions, and his breaker must remain as cool and impassioned as an iceberg to keep his dog from falling from grace. Backing is one of the easiest portions of a dog's education, and you might justly say natural. I never owned a well-bred dog from trained parents that would not back intuitively. Hence, in this you have only to teach your puppy to stick to first principles.

What a Cod Eats.

It was the habit of Thomas Edward, the Scottish naturalist, when studying the marine fauna along the coast of Banff, to secure for examination the stomachs of the fish which were caught by the fisherman. The contents of these receptacles afforded him many treasures, gathered in the deep sea, which he could not have obtained otherwise. "It is quite wonderful," he avers, "what is to be got in this way. Indeed, no one would believe it who has not made the experiment." The stomach of the cod, a fish abounding in the vicinity of Banff, proved an especially rich mine for the naturalist, as it was apt to be filled with a heterogenous mass of living things, among which were frequently very valuable specimens.

"It is to the stomach of this species," says Edward, "that I am indebted for many of the rarest of the testaceous and crustaceous specimens that I possess. I will only mention what I have myself seen: crabs and lobsters of almost every description (except *Homarus vulgaris*, which I have never yet found), from the prickly stone crab (*Litho des maia*) up to the hard paten (*Cancer paragus*), and the larger the better. Shells of every sort, particularly *Fusus antiquus* and *Buccinium undulatum*—no matter whether inhabited by their original possessor or by a hermit in the form of a pagurus, it is no obstacle to the voracious cod. Shrimps, [illegible] urchins, with now and then a star-fish (*Alcyonium*), and actinias—no matter to what they may be attached, whether a shell or a stone, provided these are not themselves fixtures—all are gulped by this most unceremonious fish. The eggs, capsules, or purses of the dog-fish (*Scyllium*) and the skate, with the roe and ova of other species, particularly when deposited on sea-weed; the olgæ and the zoophites also walk down the cod's gullet, so that nothing may be lost. As for the *Halothuridæ*, or sea-cucumbers, few, if any of them, escape. Now and then fragments of the medusæ are swallowed; feathers, with the remains of sea-fowl; and, on one occasion, the skeleton of a partridge, with the wings, feet, legs and head adhering: pieces of pewter and of cloth occasionally, and once a cluster of beech-nuts, with part of a domestic fowl. As for fish!—why, the fish does not swim that the cod, when hungry, will not attack, and, if successful, swallow. It is only nine months since I took from the stomach of a cod a stone which weighed above three pounds, to which the remains of an actinia were still attached.

A Forest Scene in Central America.

We were now in the midst of a dense pine forest, with tall trees—every one fit for a spear for the Titans when they warred against the gods—on either side of us. The rude little path which the settlers have hewn out of this dense wooded mass is every now and then barred by one of these forest giants, which the wind has thrown athwart. How painfully silent are these fir forests of the North Pacific! At one portion of my life it was my happy lot every morning to walk through part of a great tropical forest in Central America. Fragrant odors of many flowers and spices were wafted in the sultry air, and everywhere the forest rang with the scream of tropical birds of gorgeous plumage, and the chatter of the long ring-tailed monkeys, which swung themselves from branch to branch and tree to tree, in utter astonishment at this degenerate descendant of theirs, who was permitted to walk afoot, while they disported themselves among the leaves of the india-rubber trees, and ate the luscious fruits from among the waves of flowers which rolled from forest tree to forest tree, until, as you looked from a rising ground, the whole expanse of country before you seemed in places like a sea of foliage and flowers. Above all, filling up as it were every vacant space, was the never-ceasing din and hum of insect life which arose from among the trees. That forest seemed like one huge temple, where ten millions of unseen choristers sang a never-ending hymn of praise to the "Unknown God!" Here, 40 deg. to the north, all is different. There are odors, but they are those of the firtrees and turpentine, and you may listen for hours without hearing the sound or beholding the sight of a living being. We sit down and draw breath for a few minutes. From overhead comes a gentle tapping, and from a tree close at hand another similar sound; we look up and find that it proceeds from two species of wood-peckers boring the tree for insects. They are *Audubon's Picus Harisi* and *P. Gairdneri*, the only two species found on the island. We almost repent what we said about the scarcity of life in the forest, for down jumps from a tree a little brownish squirrel, which stares at us for a second, then, tail on end, skips along a fallen tree, tears open a fir-cone, extracts the seed, and then skips off on the errand he is bound. There are several species of squirrels in the North Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains, but this is the common one (*Sciurus douglasii*). In the mild climate of this region it does not hibernate but may be seen all the year round jumping about, fearlessly approaching the traveller, and then tossing up its tail as it runs off scolding and barking. As we are moving off, a pretty fawn ambles into the pathway just before us, again trots into the bush, and in a minute is lost among the thick foliage.—*From "The Countries of the World," by Dr. Robert Brown.*

From the London Athenæum.

LOSSES.

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with a weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down,
But one had wilder woe,
For a fair face long ago,
Lost in darker depths of a great town.

There were some who mourned their youth
With a most loving truth,
For the brave hopes and memories ever green,
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spoke of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave,
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free,
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wreck's of land and sea,
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

AN EXPERIMENT FOR BOYS.—Take two empty oyster cans and a stout smooth string. Let a small hole be made in the bottom of each can, through which the string, say fifty to one hundred feet in length, is passed and secured. Then let the experimenters set up their telegraph by choosing their stations as far apart as the tightly stretched string will permit, and while one operator holds his ears to one of the cans and his companion his mouth to the can of the other end of the line, they will find that a conversation can be carried on, so that low tones, and even a whisper will be distinctly perceptible. What usually most astonishes those who make this experiment for the first time is that the sound of the voice does not seem to come from the person speaking at the other end of the string, but to issue from the can itself, which is held to the ear of the listener. This at first appears to be a deception, but it is really not so. The ear tells the exact truth. The voice that is heard really comes from the can that is held to the ear of the hearer. The voice of the speaker communicates sound producing vibrations to the wall of the can with which his voice is in immediate contact. These vibrations are communicated to the string, but so changed that they no longer affect the ear. A person may stand by the string while the sound is passing, and yet hear nothing. At the other end of the string, however, these hidden vibrations reproduce themselves as sound.

Gilbert Stuart, the painter, rarely went to church; he had the idea that people could pray without going there. But one summer morning he concluded to go, and, when there arranged himself very much at his ease, standing and leaning over the pew, when everybody else was sitting, taking snuff, yet paying great attention to the sermon. On his way home he said, "Well, I do not think I shall go to church again." His daughter asked, "Why?" "Oh," said he, "I do not like the idea of a man getting up in a box and having all the conversation to himself."

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Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—No. 48 Radcliffe St., cor. Walnut St.
BRISTOL, PA.

Thursday, December 20, 1877.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Single copies ..... 5 cents.
One year ..... $2 00.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

—The Brazilian Parliament has voted a yearly subsidy of $100,000 during ten years for a line of steamers to the United States. This is one of the first fruits of Dom Pedro's Centennial visit.

—It is stated that the recent theft of Oriental antiques from the British Museum was one of a series carried out by the same bold and skillful depredator, who is recognized as the thief who, some time ago, abstracted some medals from a cabinet of the King of Denmark. Other exploits of the same light-fingered archæologist might be mentioned as having occurred at the Hague, and his work is also recognized in the recent abstraction of medals and other articles from the Westminster Aquarium.

—Walter F. Bartlett, the defaulting receiver of taxes for Trenton, was released some time ago on $10,000 bail, in the hope that he would be able, by an examination of his accounts, to reduce the amount of the defalcation, and make up the deficit. The examination, however, increased the amount of the defalcation to about $33,000, and being unable to procure that amount his bondsmen surrendered him, and he was committed on Monday, to the County Jail, to await the action of the Grand Jury in January.

—The next meeting of the Pennsylvania Fruit Growers' Society will be held in Williamsport, Lycoming county, on the third Wednesday of January, 1878. Though more distant from the great body of the members, still, as it has become a State association, it has the choice of selecting its own place of meeting from year to year. It is to be hoped that there will be a full turn-out of the members and friends of fruit-growing, as it is a subject full of interest to the farmers and land-owners in every section of the State.

—An additional appeal for troops to put down the rioters in El Paso county, Texas, was received at Washington on Monday. About 800 troops have been ordered to the scene to assist the State forces and the few U. S. troops who are threatened with destruction by the mob. Official information received at General Sheridan's headquarters on Monday shows that the mob consists of about 300 citizens of El Paso county; that no Mexicans have crossed the river to take part in the trouble, and that the Mexican authorities have positively forbidden their citizens to cross.

—In the Court of Quarter Sessions, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on Saturday, eight men were convicted of rioting. They interfered with the running of the pumps at Briggs's shaft, in Keyser Valley, near Scranton, last September. Judge Handley sentenced the leader, Thomas Moran, to one year and nine months imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary, $500 fine, and costs of prosecution. Three others were fined $10 each and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the county jail. The remainder were sentenced to short terms of imprisonment and to pay small fines.

—John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet of America completed his seventieth year on Monday last. The publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to which he has been a large contributor, gathered around its board a number of distinguished writers, to join in celebrating the occasion. The evening passed off with appropriate speeches and with the reading of letters from literary gentlemen who were unable to be present. Mr. Whittier at first modestly declined an invitation to the banquet, which he had every reason to believe would be eulogistic, but at the last moment he consented to attend. Long may he live to write the pure and elevated verse which alone has flowed from his pen.

—Charles E. Smith of Philadelphia, who was for nearly eight years president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, has made a public report, charging that important facts have been systematically concealed from the stockholders; that even two years ago the condition of the company was very critical from its enormous load of debt, and that the dividends of the Railroad and Coal and Iron Company from 1871 to the autumn of 1875 were more than seven times the real profits. He says that the real earnings of the railroad and coal and iron companies since 1871 have been $2,347,080.37, and the dividends paid by the railroad have been $18,040,264.32.

—Stanley's expedition seems to have given a new stimulus to African exploration. Captain Raymakers, of the Belgian Engineers, has left Brussels for Central Africa. He is travel- [illegible] and is to disembark on the western coast at the Congo, and to direct his course towards the centre of Africa, to meet there eventually the Belgian expedition under Captain Crespal, which commences its operations from the eastern coast. The expedition of the Geographical Society of Paris for the exploration of Equatorial Africa is to leave France, on the 15th of next month. It will land at the mouth of the Niger, from whence it will endeavor to reach the eastern coast. It will be commanded by the Lieutenant of Tureos, Count de Semelo, and composed of former African travellers.

—A practical reformer may be less ornamental than an amateur theorist, but he is far more useful in a public office. The annual report of the Hon. Edward McPherson, Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Treasury Department, shows this. It is a brief, business-like document, reciting among other things the fact that of the sum of $800,000 appropriated for the Bureau, $600,000 will remain unexpended on the 30th of June, next year, and that in addition to the enormous saving of expense brought about by the reorganization of the department, the Government will pay the Bureau for printing revenue stamps and the backs of legal-tenders and National fives, at least $100,000 less than it paid the bank note companies last year for the same work. Quiet, practical, thoroughgoing, department work is better than high-toned talk about Civil Service reform.

—Dr. Tanner recently told the people of St. Paul Minn., that he had eaten nothing for forty-two days and had lived on cold water. A physician, under whose eyes the experiment was made, fully corroborated his statement. But there were skeptics who shook their heads and wrote caustic letters to the newspapers. Dr. Tanner, in reply to these critics, set forth that the feat was undertaken with no desire for notoriety, but in the interests of science; cites numerous instances of the suspension of vital functions from similar causes, calls to witness the serpent, the toad, the raccoon, and the woodchuck, and submerges the whole subject in comprehensive wisdom. Now it is self-evident that a man who can write a letter to the editor three and one-half columns in length on any subject save finance or Civil Service reform is capable of doing almost anything, even of fasting forty-two days. But Dr. Tanner offers proof of another kind. He promises to repeat the experiment under the strictest surveillance for the sum of $5,000 in bank, of which sum he shall retain only $1,000, if he succeeds in going without food for forty-two days and keeping breath in his body, the balance being used for charitable purposes.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Battle at Metchka.

LONDON, Friday, Dec. 14.—A Russian official despatch, dated Bogot, December 13, says: "Sixty battalions of Turks yesterday attacked the forces of the Grand Duke Vladimir along the line, directing, however, their principal efforts against the left and centre. They attacked Metchka six times, but were each time repulsed with great loss. At 1 P. M. the Thirty-fifth Division of the Twelfth Russian Army Corps appeared on the scene, and, attacking the Turks in the flank, compelled them, with the co-operation of the rest of the Russian forces, to retire upon Krasna, their retreat to Joban Cittlik being cut off. The Grand Duke Vladimir narrowly escaped a ball, which struck very near him."

Suleiman Pasha, describing the same affair, claims that he carried some of the entrenchments of Metchka, but was unable to hold them, owing to the fire from the heights and arrival of Russian reinforcements. He consequently withdrew to his original position after a seven hours' battle.

BOGOT, Dec. 16.—The Turks burned and evacuated Elena on Friday. The Russians have reoccupied it.

LONDON, Dec. 14.—A Reuter despatch from Constantinople says: "There is trouble in Lebanon in consequence of the refusal of the inhabitants to furnish a military contingent, or send Deputies to Parliament based on the fact that Lebanon is under European guarantees."

A telegram from Athens announces that an insurrection has broken out in the Province of Armyre, Crete. Turkish families and inhabitants of other provinces have sought refuge in the fortress. The Governor of Crete has sent troops to suppress the insurrection.

BELGRADE, Friday, Dec. 14.—A proclamation of the Servian Government has just been issued, announcing that the Servian army has been ordered to cross the Turkish frontier.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Friday, Dec. 14.—M. Christies the Servian agent, has delivered to the Porte, Servia's formal declaration of war against Turkey, and started for Belgrade.

TURKEY MAKES PEACE PROPOSALS.

LONDON, Saturday, Dec. 15, 1877.—A Constantinople telegram to the *Daily Telegraph* says: "The circular note dispatched by the Porte to the signatories of the treaty of 1871, commences by the statement that the origin of the present important events is perfectly known. The Imperial Government is conscious of having done nothing to provoke the war; it has done everything to avoid it, and has vainly sought to discover Russia's motives in her aggressive campaign. The Porte has shown a desire for improvement by reorganizing the judicial system, and devising reforms without distinction of race or religion, according to the Constitution, which has everywhere been well received. Partial reform is of no avail. The adoption of improvements in one part of the Empire only would be a premium to other communities to revolt. Any doubt as to the execution of these reforms should disappear before the solemn declarations the Porte now makes. A state of war simply retards such reforms and is disastrous to the country generally, destroying agricultural interests, killing industry and ruining financial reorganizations. Independently of these arrangements for reform what reason can there be for continuing the war? Russia has declared that she is not animated by a spirit of conquest. The military honor of both sides must be abundantly satisfied. What object can there be in prolonging a contest ruinous to both countries? The moment has arrived for the belligerent powers to accept peace without affecting their dignity. Europe might now usefully interpose her good offices, since the Porte is ready to come to terms. The country is not at the end of her resources and is still prepared to fight in its own defence. It is ready, moreover, to sacrifice all for the independence and integrity of the fatherland; but the Porte is desirous to stop the further effusion of blood, and therefore appeals to the feelings of justice which must animate the great powers, hoping that they will receive these overtures favorably.

THE POWERS REPLYING.

LONDON, Dec. 16.—Reuter's Constantinople despatch says: "Several of the Powers have already acknowledged the receipt of the Porte's Circular. The tone of Italy's reply is very conciliatory and friendly. It says Italy will endeavor to have steps taken, in concert with other Powers, for the purpose of offering mediation. Mr. Layard, the British Ambassador, denies that he has sounded the Porte as to the conditions of peace it would be willing to accept." A Reuter despatch from Constantinople, via Syria, however, says it is reported that England has sounded Russia as to the conditions of peace. The Porte, however, has been informed that Russia desires Turkey to negotiate direct with her, and that mediation would only make the terms harder. The peace party seems to be gaining ground somewhat. Great discontent prevails among the population of Stamboul. Seditious placards are frequently found.

The London *Observer* states it has reason to believe the Turkish Circular was despatched at the instance of England.

—Instead of stoutly disputing the supremacy of the Connecticut Valley, Pennsylvania already leads that famous tobacco-growing district. The product of Connecticut in 1875 was 9,900,000, and of Massachusetts for the same year, 8,500,000, making a total production of 18,400,000. Lancaster county alone grew nearly, if not quite, that quantity of the weed in 1876, while the entire yield of the whole State for the same period was between 30,000,000 and 35,000,000 pounds. We, therefore, already lead the Connecticut Valley in the weight and money value of her tobacco crop, and while we have not yet reached the enormous production of Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri, we are rapidly closing in on Virginia and Missouri in the matter of pounds, and already exceed them in the money value of our crop.—*New-Era.*

—A diabolical attempt at arson was made in Nashville, on Sunday. At five o'clock on the morning of that day the hardware store of Hughes & Co., in that city, was discovered on fire. The flames were extinguished, when it was found that the building contained 119 pounds of gunpowder, distributed in three different places, and that 100 bales of cotton saturated with coal oil were scattered through the house. One package of powder weighing 73 pounds was within three feet of a spot where the fire was hot enough to melt a metal spoon. The building had been fired in four places, and the books of the firm were burned. Had the powder exploded all the firemen and many others would probably have been killed.

—A new telegraph company has been organized under the laws of the State of New York, with a capital of $10,000,000, for the purpose of building and operating telegraph lines between New York and all the other important cities in the United States. The Company was chartered in October under the name of the "Continental Telegraph Company," and contracts are said to have been made for the immediate construction of a line from Boston to Washington, passing through New York, Philadelphia Baltimore and other cities.

—Rev. Mr. See, who was requested by the Newark (N. J.) Presbytery to resign for allowing women to preach in his pulpit, has informed the Presbytery that the reason he has not complied with the request is that he has acted in accordance with the wishes of the members of his church. Denying the authority of the Presbytery, he will of course be disowned.

—Sixty-five families have emigrated from this State and New Jersey to Navarro county, Texas, where they have purchased 10,000 acres of land.

NEW YORK GOSSIP.

The Zoological Garden in Central Park has a caravan of camels. These are not the camels Pleayune Butler said are coming to town, *they are here.* Camels have false stomachs and can drink enough Croton water to do them a week. The Sea Lions have a bad eye and make hideous noises. They were caught in the Pacific ocean. The Rhinoceros is an ugly beast, and has his horn sawed off; he is a native of Africa and never fought for the crown of England. Several India Elephants with their *trunks* have arrived and are chained by their hind legs; this is a sad commentary on liberty in America. The chain-gang principle should be abolished. The monkeys are the happiest family that ever was caged. They eat, drink and are merry. Their acrobatic feats are wonderful—they play leap-frog, suspend on the horizontal bar with one leg, somersault, and "skin the cat" to perfection. There is one monkey chained. He is a villainous-looking specimen and has his tail cut off, like an English cab-horse. Some think this is the monkey that is the connecting link held up by the Darwinian theory in his relation to man. The other monkeys eye him with suspicion and disgust, and look down upon him for trying to ape humanity. The Condor of South America and the Bald Eagle of North America are in the same cage. It is said by erudite birdologists that the Condor can outfly any other bird, his wings having often grazed that part of the heavens known as the Big Dipper and Job's Coffin. About the most interesting group of foreigners is the Polar Bear group; they are unfriendly and uneasy, turning a cold shoulder at the sight-seers and shrugging their shoulders at the warmth of our winter climate. All these specimens have climbed the "greased pole" of the Arctic region and eaten their man.

The Park Commissioners are flooding the skating grounds and building cottages for skaters. Skating by moonlight is a spoony business. Old folks don't spoon.

Henry Bergh arrested a car-driver for driving a horse with a sore back; the driver put the pad over the horses affected spine he said to act as a poultice. Bergh is a Brutefatarian.

Edward Kimball, of Chicago, the great church debt raiser, has pulled $150,000 out of the pockets of Dr. Stephen H. Tyng's Church Congregation. The way he does it, he says after a little speech, Gentlemen, I give $10,000 towards paying the debt of $286,000 of this Church, who will head the list. I now ask for ten subscriptions of $10,000 each. Whereupon several parties immediately subscribe the required amount. Then he subscribes $5,000 and ask for twenty subscribers to the fund, and in this way on Sunday, Dec. 16, $145,000 were raised, the largest amount of money given to Church purposes in so short a time, save that of Dr. John Hall, who received $100,000 from Bonner in one check. The query is where does Kimball get so much money.

Sixty thousand saloons and drinking places have been closed by the excise man. An old law of 1857 has been unearthed granting only to hotels the privilege of selling liquors. All the saloons now are hoisting hotel names and putting in single beds to come under the pale of the law entitled the Hotel Act.

The cigar-makers strike has given employment to thousands of poor girls and ousted the same number of men. The manufacturers say girls are natural match makers and are adepts in the art of rolling a cigar. One hundred strikers struck one hundred girls and one hundred policemen struck one hundred strikers and the cruel war keeps up.

Josh Billings has his new almanac out for 1878, he says, "it is a good year for saints and a bad year for sinners." Josh's real name is Henry W. Shaw. He says, "newspaper hacks are harder worked and poorer fed than livery stable horses. Authors and scribblers as a class are a self-conceited and seedy set and a literary man when he gets poor and shiney is the poorest-looking critter on the footstool."

The holidays are upon us and the children are looking at the biggest stockings to hang up for Santa Claus.

The difference displayed by New Yorkers in taste regarding suitable presents is wonderful; coal, potatoes, clothes-pins, canary birds, books, skates, pistols, pin cushions, oysters, hair cuts, Jaynes' Expectorant, Fairbank's Scales, Maltby's oysters, eye water, lace curtains, theatre tickets, leather dusters, soft soap, tooth brushes, and hair tonic are all advertised as suitable and appreciable things to donate.

New Year's Day will be less welcome to matrons this year than formerly and a sigh of relief will escape from the pater familias, when the curtain drops upon the peculiar year of 1877, for he has been worried with the Eastern question, the Presidential question, the Strike question, the Indian question, the Silver question, and the question of all questions:—What shall we do next—year.

JOB JOGGS.

PHILADELPHIA ITEMS.

The Permanent Exhibition will be kept open all winter.

Philadelphia doctors say the city is dreadfully healthy.

The Frankford water works are now in full operation.

The first water from the new reservoir reached Frankford a few minutes before twelve o'clock on Thursday.

Hon. Benjamin Harris Brewster has been elected president of the Alumni Association of Princeton College.

The fiftieth anniversary of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society will be celebrated in the hall on Broad street to-morrow evening.

Among the men lost upon the Huron, on the North Carolina coast, were John Carr, of Bridesburg, and "Reddy" Cooper, of Frankford.

Col. John W. Forney, and his son John W., Jr., sailed last Thursday, in the Illinois. He will be a correspondent of *The Press* during his absence.

After the 1st of January there will be two mails from Philadelphia to Byberry via Torresdale. The increased accommodation was much needed.

The annual report of the Union League Club, shows that the protracted hard times have caused a large falling off of receipts at the refreshment rooms, a decline in membership and an increase of arrearages.

It is stated that nine prominent Jewelry stores of Philadelphia have either voluntarily relinquished business or been closed by compulsion during the year 1877. Hard times affect the Jewelry trade seriously.

The Girard Trust has recently erected several new buildings within the grounds and these new buildings are designed to accommodate an additional number of scholars. Three hundred and twenty orphans will be admitted at once. Eight new teachers have been provided, and an improved plan of instruction introduced.—With the new pupils the number will be eight hundred and seventy.

After an imprisonment of twenty-six years Edward J. Ford, the colored man who slew his brother-in-law in 1851 during the administration of Gov. W. F. Johnson, who failed to sign the death warrent as did all of his successors; until the Board of Pardons unanimously recommended his pardon and release, exchanged last week the cold wall of Moyamensing Prison for the less gloomy shelter of the Almshouse.

—The wife of a New York banker appeared the other evening at a party as Capital. The dress was covered on the skirt so as to make it appear one piece with one hundred and five hundred dollar bills. The waist and sleeves were $1000 bonds sewed in, and her fingers and ears blazed with diamonds. The tiara was said to have been worth $80,000, and the total value of the notes and diamonds on her person was $260,000. Two pages carried her train and watched lest the jewels and greenbacks should fall to the floor. How much the banker could pay on the dollar is not stated.

—In the case of Anthony Bock, of Bristol township against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the plaintiff, who claimed $3,000 damages, after a long trial received a verdict in his favor in the sum of $2,170, at Court at Doylestown last week. The particulars of the case are as follows:—

On the 31st of May, 1875, the plaintiff and his son, Anthony Bock, jr., aged seven years went to Bristol for a load of manure. On their return they attempted to cross the railroad at a crossing near the Keystone forge and the turnpike school house. Their team was a pair of mules, and a horse on the lead. As they approached the track the team was stopped, and the father went on the crossing, looked up and down the track, but could neither see nor hear of the approach of a train. He then beckoned for his son who was riding the horse, on the lead to come on. As the animal struck the track the cars were very near and approaching very fast. Before the horse could be backed or turned aside, he was struck by the locomotive, and torn to pieces. The boy was struck upon the head, and otherwise bruised. He was found lodged upon the engine, which was stopped as soon possible, and the boy taken off and carried to Mr. Closson's hotel. The accident happened between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, and the lad died at three o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Bock testified that he heard no whistle or bell, and that the train was running very fast. Other witnesses who said they were near but heard no whistle blown or bell rung by that train, and that it was running at the rate of from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour. The cars were coming from Philadelphia, and had not reached the station, being one-fourth of a mile off. The conductor, fireman, engineer and brakesmen testified that the whistle was blown and the bell rung before the crossing was reached, and that the train was going at the rate of only eight miles an hour. Several other witnesses were called for the defendants, who testified to the same effect. For the plaintiff to recover he had to show to the jury that he used all proper precautions before attempting to cross, and that the railroad company were negligent in not giving warning of the approach of their train, and that it was running at a dangerous rate of speed. The evidence in the case was very conflicting. Witnesses for the plaintiff testifying that no whistle was blown or bell rung on the train, the accident, and the witnesses for the defendent testifying to the contrary.

☞It is not improbable that the enforced economy of the times will modify to some extent the holiday shopping this season. There will be the average amount expended, but it will be less in the line of ornamental and fancy goods than in articles of substantial value to the consumer. Messrs. Strawbridge & Clothier, at Eighth and Market street, have made special provision for this feature of the holiday trade. This well known house presents a surprisingly complete and attractive array of what may be styled *dry goods adapted for gifts*, among which we designate ladies' and gentlemens' handkerchiefs, silk ties, ladies' linen sets, lace goods, hosiery, gloves, house-furnishing linens, ready-made goods for ladies, shawls, silk and other dress goods, all in endless variety, and offered at a sweeping reduction in prices to meet the wants of the million.

For some days past their spacious salesroom have presented a perfect spectacle of business life; the immense swarms of customers being waited upon by a little army of clerks with a degree of celerity and dispatch, without confusion, that shows the admirable system and business facilities of this popular firm. The various departments of the house, of which there are a large number, are each conducted with as much energy and precision and thorough attention to its peculiar wants as if each was an establishment in itself, instead of a mere division. That their present immense stock meets the wants of the public is attested by their legion of customers, all of whom appear to go away pleased and satisfied, and quite willing to recommend their friends needing dry goods to imitate their example by visiting this great distributing centre. Whether wishing to purchase or not, a call at this busy emporium cannot fail to be interesting to all of our readers.—*Philadelphia Press.*

☞THE HOLIDAY AT OAK HALL.—With an experience of seventeen years in providing the public with clothes, Wanamaker & Brown are far beyond the possibility of mistake in preparing exactly what is wanted. Their popular resort has now over a million dollars' worth of well-made and well-assorted clothing and furnishing goods, and as the prices are all marked down from ten to thirty per cent., there is a tremendous rush of buyers.

The great Forty Days' Sale now going on at Oak Hall is *not* the closing out of a broken lot of winter goods. Instead of waiting till after New Year to put prices down, Wanamaker & Brown reduced everything in their fresh and unbroken stock, shortly after the middle of November, thus affording the public ample opportunity for selection from the largest and most varied stock ever offered in Philadelphia. The people have shown their appreciation of this enterprise by coming in ever greater throngs than ever before, and availing themselves of the rare opportunities for bargains which the present great sale affords.

In addition to the immense business carried on at Oak Hall in selling to people who come in person to buy, a large force is kept busy in attending to the "mail order" department. This is specially worthy the attention of those of our readers who cannot make it convenient to go to Philadelphia. They may write for samples of goods and directions for self-measurement, with the certainty that their orders will be as accurately filled, and their interests as carefully guarded, as if they were personally present.

The well-established reputation of Oak Hall is such that people know they will get the worth of their money in dealing there. Oak Hall clothes make capital Christmas presents.

Point Pleasant Items.

Enos Morris has killed the "loss" hog of the neighborhood, weighing 530 pounds, and "only a year, a month, and a day old."

T. S. Mood brags of having the only artesian well in Point Pleasant, and with force pump and hose attachment, he is abundantly able to protect his buildings in case of fire.

A son of David Burkit, whilst out gunning last Wednesday, accidently shot himself,—the charge carrying away the greater part of the fleshy portion of the leg below the knee, making a serious and dangerous wound.

Thomas Smith, living near Danboro, a man about 25 years of age, also met with a very serious accident, by a premature discharge of his gun, shooting off one of his hands, and three fingers of the other, and grazing his chin and cheek.

Dr. A. M. Cooper lost a valuable horse on last Friday, with "Farcia." The doctor seems to be peculiarly unfortunate in horseflesh of late, this being the second valuable horse he has lost within six months.

The Point Pleasant Literary Society has at last organized with Dr. A. M. Cooper, as President. Its success is now assured.

—A whaling steamship, the Vega, has been bought for the Swedish Arctic Expedition, which is to start next July from Gothenburg. The vessel is very strongly built, and can carry coal enough for a cruise of 8,000 miles; she is to be supplied with sufficient provisions to serve for three years. Captain Palander will be in command; less than thirty persons will be on board, in all; three or four will constitute the scientific corps. The King of Sweden, the Government, Oscar Dickson, of Gothenburg, and Mr. Sibiriakoff (a Russian), conjointly defray the expenses. The projected voyage will be eastward, from Novaya Zemlya, along the Siberian coast, down through Behring Strait; coming back around Asia and via the Suez Canal. This will circumnavigate both Europe and Asia.

—Nearly all the distinguished Californians of the day are said to be self-educated men, guiltless of college training. Senator Sargent is one example, Governor Irwin another, Mayor Bryant, of San Francisco, another; Messrs. Flood, Mackey, Fair, Jones, and Sharon may be added to the list.

—Mr. Louis Street, a member of the Society of Friends, living at the capital of Madagascar, has written to England that slavery has not been abolished in that island, that "the Prime Minister is a consummate hypocrite, and that some of the missionaries are his tools." He states, also, that the Christian churches in all Madagascar are under the jurisdiction of "the church within the palace," and that the whole organization is a State machine. This intelligence has awakened a painful feeling among the supporters of the London Missionary Society.

—Brigham Young's spendthrift son has been sued by his Eastern creditors. Three suits were begun against him on December 7, in the Third District Court, Salt Lake City, for the recovery of claims amounting to $10,000, and his household goods in the "White House Harem" were seized by the sheriff. One claim was brought by a bank in Ohio for money borrowed. The contractors who furnished iron for the construction of the Utah Western Railroad, threaten to prosecute him and throw the road into bankruptcy. This road was one of the Prophet's pet schemes.

—The Osceola (Neb.) *Record* prints this item of news: "Sixteen babies were huddled together on a bed at a dance that occured lately in Hackberry Precinct, and not one of them was over 13 months old. We hope to be forgiven for saying that we do not believe the 'like of that' could occur anywhere in the United States, outside of Hackberry Precinct."

☞It is the only medicine I would give to my Baby, a mother said, speaking of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. At all drug stores, 25 cents.

☞Family jars are numerous, but the largest we have seen are at Wood's Cheap Store, 18 cents, holding 6 gallons.

☞A full line of holiday goods and standard preparations, city prices, Boileau's Dorrance Street Drug Store.

☞Every customer dealing at Wood's Cheap Store, Bristol, will be presented with a large engraving, as a Christmas gift.

Special Notices.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

Will be found to possess those qualities necessary to the total eradication of all bilious attacks, prompt to start the secretions of the liver, and give a healthy tone to the entire system. Indeed, it is no ordinary discovery in medical science to have invented a remedy for these stubborn complaints, which develop all the results produced by a heretofore free use of calomel, a mineral justly dreaded by mankind, and acknowledged to be destructive in the extreme to the human system. That the properties of certain vegetables comprise all the virtues of calomel without its injurious tendencies, is now an admitted fact, rendered indisputable by scientific researches; and those who use the Mandrake Pills will be fully satisfied that the best medicines are those provided by nature in the common herbs and roots of the field.

These Pills open the bowels and correct all bilious derangements without salivation or any of the injurious effects of calomel or other poisons. The secretion of bile is promoted by these pills as will be seen by the altered colors of the stools, and disappearing of the sallow complexion and cleansing of the tongue.

Ample directions for use accompany each box of pills. Prepared only by *J. H. Schenck & Son*, at their principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, and for sale by all druggists and dealers.

Price 25 cents per box.

DOUBLE REFINED

SALTPETRE,

(LARGE CRYSTALS,)

25 Cts. Per Pound.

DR. PURSELL'S DRUG STORE,

S. W. Corner Mill and Cedar Sts.,

667 BRISTOL, PA.

Hemorrhoids or Piles

Dr. Martin, 1107 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. A permanent cure without knife, ligature or caustic; no charge until cured. Consultations free. Send for a circular containing references. 869

COOPER&CONARD,

IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS OF

DRY GOODS,

Ladies' Suits, Cloaks, and Costumes,

PHILADELPHIA.

Persons at a distance will be amply repaid by a visit to Philadelphia and our store, if they wish to buy but a small amount of goods. We are in constant communication not only with houses of this country, but with those of Europe, and having a buyer for each of the ten departments of our store, who purchase only of their special goods, they MUST excel. The purchases, too, being made for prompt cash, every extra discount is allowed, so that the price at which we retail goods is often even less than the goods are sold at wholesale. The important auctions are attended, prices noted with much care, and purchases made when sold below prevailing market prices.

In the selection of goods the interest of the consumer is kept constantly in view, avoiding fabrics that we believe will not give satisfaction to the wearer, knowing that taking care of those who buy of us is equivalent to taking care of ourselves, that is, winning our customers' confidence and their continued patronage.

COOPER & CONARD,

(THREE ADJOINING STORES),

Corner Ninth and Market Streets.

PHILADELPHIA.

☞Wanted.—A lot of Turkeys for Christmas, at J. WESLEY WRIGHT'S, Bristol, Pa.

☞For a fine assortment of New York and Philadelphia Confectionery put up in neat boxes go to Jackson's.

☞Go to Jackson's for Grapes, Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Paper-shelled Almonds, Cocoanuts, Apples, Raisins, Figs, and Mixtures, 20 & 30 cts. per pound.

☞For cheap clothing go to Tylers. Next door to the Post Office.

☞For clothing made to order from samples, go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞For cheap hats go to Tyler's. Next door to the Post Office.

☞Dobbins' starch polish, which gives that brilliant polish peculiar to fine laundry work, is for sale in Bristol, at J. Wesley Wright's store. It costs but little to try it.

THE WORLD

FOR

1878.

Since the change in its proprietorship (which took place May 1, 1876) "THE WORLD has become the brightest, sprightliest, most scholarly and popular journal in the metropolis." "It is entertaining, interesting, bright, decent, fair and truthful." It does wrong wittingly to no man, no creed, no interest, and no party. It treats all subjects of importance earnestly and with respect. It seeks to make itself an agreeable companion, as well as a faithful guide and teacher. THE WORLD regards the recent victories of the party with which it by preference acts not as mere partisan triumphs gained by partisan contrivances, but as the unmistakable expression of a deep and genuine popular demand for new methods in government, for a thorough purification of the public service and for a rectification of the aims of our party organizations. *Wherever and whenever the Democratic party proves itself loyal to this popular demand THE WORLD will zealously and effectively aid it; whenever it fails short of or attempts to counteract that popular demand THE WORLD will as resolutely oppose and denounce it. In a word, THE WORLD believes the Democratic party to exist for the good of the public service. It does not believe the public service to exist for the good of the Democratic party.*

WEEKLY WORLD,

contains all the news of the week, presented in a concise and attractive manner; the best of the many excellent letters sent by able correspondents from all parts of the world, bright and entertaining editorials on all matters of interest to the public.

Short stories and stories continued from week to week, written expressly for THE WORLD by the best authors.

Full reports of all the principal markets of the United States and foreign countries; a grange department, &c., &c.

It is in every essential a paper for the family.

D. D. T. MOORE, Esq., the founder and for many years the editor of

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

will hereafter edit the Farmers' Page of THE WEEKLY WORLD.

NO paper in the country will have a better FARMERS' DEPARTMENT than THE WORLD.

One year (52 numbers) postage free (less than 1 cents per week) $1 00
TO CLUB AGENTS—An extra copy for club of ten, separately addressed. The Semi-Weekly WORLD for club of twenty, separately addressed. The Daily WORLD for club of fifty, separately addressed.

SEMI-WEEKLY WORLD,

One year (104 numbers), postage free $2 00
TO CLUB AGENTS—An extra copy to club of ten, separately addressed. The Daily WORLD for club of twenty-five, separately addressed.

THE DAILY WORLD.

With Sunday Edition, 1 year, postage free $10 00
With Sunday Edition, 6 months, postage free. 5 50
With Sunday Edition, 3 months, postage free. 2 75
Without Sunday Edition, 1 year, postage free. 8 00
Without Sunday Edition, 6 months, postage free 4 25
Without Sunday Edition, 3 months, postage free 2 25
Sunday WORLD, 1 year, postage free 2 00
Monday WORLD, containing Literary Reviews, and College Chronicle, one year, postage free 1 50

TERMS. Cash in advance. Send Post-Office money order, bank-draft or registered letter. Bills sent by mail will be at risk of sender.

Additions to club lists may be made, at any time in the year, at the above rates.

We have no travelling agents. Specimen copies, posters, &c., sent free, wherever and whenever desired.

A Fair Field and No Favor.

A CHANCE FOR ALL.

CASH PREMIUMS

To the person from whom THE WORLD shall receive, previous to March 31, 1878, the money for the largest number of subscribers for one year to the WEEKLY WORLD we will give the first prize of

$300.00.

For the next largest number, a second prize of

$200.00.

For the two next largest lists of subscribers

$100.00 each.

For the two next largest lists of subscribers, two prizes of

$75.00 each.

For the six next largest lists, six prizes of

$50.00 each.

For the eleven next largest lists, eleven prizes of

$25.00 each.

All persons desirous of competing for these prizes (which are offered in addition to the regular club premiums) will please signify their intention of so doing and send to us for full instructions. We will not award any prizes to any person supplying THE WORLD to subscribers at less than regular rates, viz.:

One Dollar per Year.

Address all orders and letters to

"THE WORLD," 35 Park row, New York.

N. B. Those subscribing before January 1 will receive the

"WEEKLY WORLD"

until Jadnary 1, 1879, for

One Dollar.

Philadelphia.

FIRST GRAND

ANNUAL HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mr. Wanamaker's

GRAND DEPOT,

13th St.

ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 10th,

WE INAUGURATE THE

GRAND HOLIDAY SALE

For which we have made preparations for months past.

The Ladies of Philadelphia and the surrounding region will scarcely know "The Grand Depot," from its attractive exhibition of Holiday things suitable for Ladies and Gentlemen. Even a walk along the many aisles of the 2-acre building, filled with merchandise, will be full of suggestions for those who are puzzled to choose gifts.

Without comment we would name some of the appropriate and most sought-for Bargains

HANDKERCHIEFS.
HANDKERCHIEFS.
HANDKERCHIEFS.
300 dozen Hemstitched Initial Embroidered, at 25 cents, worth nearly double in ½-dozens, with elegant, imported box.
250 dozen Linen Centres, with Silk borders, at 25 cents.
1,000 dozen Full-size, All-linen, Hemmed or Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, from 8 cents to $1.
Many of the finer goods are put up in fine Imported Boxes, ready to be presented.
1,000 Ladies' 36-inch Silk Handkerchiefs, 15, 20, 25c.
1,000 Gents' 21 and 32-inch elegant Silk Handkerchiefs, the greatest bargain ever seen in Philadelphia, at 25, 37½, 50, 40, 75c., up to $1.50.
A full line of Alsoes' White and Colored Border Hemmed and Hemstitched and Embroidered Handkerchiefs.
IN FACT, WE PROPOSE
TO LET GO
OUR WHOLE STOCK
OF THE
GRAND DEPOT,
OF NEARLY $1,000,000,
embracing many cases of goods suitable for substantial and useful gifts for both ladies and gentlemen,
AT STARTLING REDUCTIONS,
AT STARTLING REDUCTIONS,
IN
CARTWRIGHT & WARNERS'
FAMOUS UNDERWEAR.
Having accumulated a stock from our own and the Mrs. Burns purchase, we will offer at retail several lots at a reduction of about 20 per cent.
LOT 1—5 dozen Ladies' Cartwright & Warner Vests, medium winter weights, high necks and ¾ sleeves, 28 and 31 inch, at $1.50.
REGULAR PRICE, $2.25.
LOT 2—4 dozen Ladies' Cartwright & Warner Vests, medium winter weight, high neck and ¾ sleeves, 32 and 34 inch, at $1.75.
REGULAR PRICE, $2.50.
LOT 3—3½ dozen Ladies' Cartwright & Warner medium winter-weight Vests, low neck and ¾ sleeves, all sizes, at $1.50, $1.75, and $2, according to size.
LOT 4—12½ dozen Men's Cartwright & Warner ribbed, extra-weight Shirts and Drawers at $3 each, all sizes.
REGULAR PRICES OF THE
LARGEST SIZES, $5.
LOT 5—9 dozen Ladies' Scarlet American Cashmere Vests and Drawers, heavy weight Shirts, high neck and long sleeves, all sizes, at $2.75.
REGULAR PRICE, $3.75.
LOT 6—3 dozen very fine Exhibition American Hosiery Company Shirts and Drawers, elegant quality, heavy weight at
$2.50 EACH.
All other best makes of Underwear and Hosiery for Ladies, Gents, Youths, Misses, and Children at extraordinarily low rates, to close.
IN DRESS GOODS
THE REDUCTIONS ARE MADE
FAR BELOW
THE WHOLESALE PRICES,
IN ORDER TO CLOSE SEASON.
IN DRESS PATTERNS
A FULL DRESS PATTERN
FOR 50 CENTS,
CUT OFF AND FOLDED FOR
PRESENTS.
A full Dress Pattern for 65 cts. cut off and in shape for presents.
Fine 4-4 Percale Dress Patterns for 65 cts. and 80 cts.
Best quality Ginghams at 9 cts.
Bourettes reduced from 15 cts. to 10 cts.
Bourettes reduced from 18 cts. to 11 cts.
Bourettes (English) reduced from 37½ cts. to 25 cts.
Colored Cashmeres reduced from 22 cts. to 16 cts.
Mattlessas reduced from 35 cts. to 25 cts.
EXTRA GREAT BARGAINS
French all-wool Mattlessas down from 50 cts. to 35 cts.
6-4 All-wool Mattlessas down from $1.12 to 75 cts.
6-4 Bourettes down from 85 cts. to 50 cts.
6-4 Silk Weave Bourettes down from $1.50 to $1.
6-4 Wool Mixed Bourettes, $2 to $1.25.
6-4 All-wool Plaids, $1.50 to $1.00.
The Paris Novelties are immensely reduced, many of them fully 50 per cent., to close out.
In the Black Department the reductions are not quite so great, but are clearly noticeable to those who compare goods.
Nothing makes a more acceptable and valued present than a SILK D

Bucks County Gazette:

Thursday, December 20, 1877.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA.—Arrives 8.00, A. M., 3.00, 5.00 and 6.00 P. M. Closes 5.45 and 9.30, A. M., 3.30, 5.30 and 7.30 P. M.

NEW YORK.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., and 6.30 P. M. Closes 7.15 and 10.45 A. M., 3.30, 5.30 and 7.30 P. M.

NEW YORK WAY MAILS—Close at 7.15, A. M. and 3.30 P. M.

TRENTON.—Arrives 7.00 and 11.00 A. M., 5.00 and 6.30 P. M. Closes 7.15, 7.45 and 10.45 A. M., and 3.30 P. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND OFFICES ON THE BELVIDERE DELAWARE R. R.—Arrive at 5.00 P. M., and close at 7.15 A. M.

MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 11.00 A. M., and 5.00 and 6.30 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN AND DOLINGTON.—Arrive at 10.00 A. M., and close at 10.45 A. M.

Mails for the South and West go by every Philadelphia mail.

Letters not called for are advertised every Thursday in the BUCKS COUNTY GAZETTE.

Office hours from 7.00 A. M., to 8.30 P. M.

W. B. BAKER, Postmaster.

The GAZETTE *has the largest circulation, with a single exception, of any weekly newspaper published in Bucks County.*

SORTS.

—J. Heeny, a Canada evangelist, will address the meeting at Mill Hall, to-morrow evening.

—E. Oscar Thomas, now book-keeper for D. Focht & Co., Philadelphia, has been selected as the new clerk at the Farmers' National Bank.

—Jonathan Day, near Holmesburg, killed, on Saturday last, a 15 months' pig, a cross of the Berkshire and Chester White, which weighed 514 pounds.

—A fair for the benefit of the poor was opened yesterday at the Temperance Reading Room on Cedar Street, and continues this afternoon and evening.

—Edwin Wilson's fine collection of birds which were described recently in the GAZETTE, are offered for sale, and are on exhibition next to Nathan Tyler's store, formerly occupied by Casper Uhlerich as a shoe store.

—A change takes place to-day in the mail arrangements for Newtown, Langhorne and Hulmeville. They will receive their Philadelphia mail via. the Bound Brook railroad. Edgewood and Oxford Valley will be supplied in the same manner after to-day.

—Miss Patridge, of Philadelphia, one of the prominent leaders of the Woman's Rights Movement, will entertain the residents of Langhorne with a lecture this winter. Col. Davis, of Doylestown, is also engaged to deliver his lecture, by the "Emerson."

—The Bristol Baptist Sunday School will have their Christmas Eve entertainment on Monday evening next. The order of exercises will consist of singing and addresses. There will be a Christmas tree. The friends of the school are invited to attend.

—In consequence of Christmas and New Year's day falling upon Tuesday, the discount day at the bank will be changed for the next two weeks to Wednesday. Notes maturing upon either of the above holidays will be due and payable upon the preceding day, Monday.

—George Helling's large hog, weighing 565 pounds, was killed at the Railroad House last Saturday, also one belonging to William Tyrrell, which weighed 445 pounds. George Silbert has two gigantic specimens of the hog kingdom which will be sacrificed after a while.

The funeral of the late Dr. Elias Wildman, who died of consumption on the 15th inst. at his residence at Fallsington, was largely attended. Joseph Maule, of Philadelphia, Henry Wood, of Trenton, and Lucy Cadwallader, of Fallsington, made addresses.

—Capt. W. Nelson Jarvis, of the schooner Ellwood Doron, last Friday, when about two hundred miles at sea, bound for Cuba, lost the mate of his vessel, who was washed overboard by a heavy sea, and could not be recovered. The vessel had to return to New London, Conn., to procure another mate.

—Thomas Bennet, residing on Washington street, says that on Monday last he purchased a watch of a woman in a pawnbroker's shop, in Philadelphia, for $5.00, and after he left the store found that his pocket had been picked, and his watch gone. He had the woman arrested on suspicion, but the trial has not yet come off.

—The dramatic representation of the five act tragedy, Damon and Pythias, at Cabeen's Hall last Saturday evening under the auspices of Hermione Lodge, Knights of Pythias, was not favored with a very large audience, although it was an appreciative one. Mr. Cope proved himself to be a master of elocution, and those who heard him were very highly pleased with his impersonation.

—Rev. John C. Brooks preached his closing sermon last Sunday and left Bristol yesterday for Boston. We regret the cause which compelled him to resign the position he filled so admirably, just as he was becoming well acquainted with our people, and they were learning what an estimable gentleman he is. He has our good wishes for his success in whatever field he is called upon to labor.

—At the annual election held in Bristol Lodge, No. 25, A. Y. M., on last Saturday for officers to serve the lodge for the ensuing Masonic year, commencing on St. John's Day, next, the following brethren were chosen:—George W. Kirk, M. D., Master: James B. Candy, M. D., Senior Warden; Benjamin W. Boutcher, Junior Warden; William Kinsey, Treasurer; Charles E. Scott, Secretary.

—A fire occurred at the house occupied by Anthony Bell, on Pine street, on Tuesday afternoon about four o'clock. The fire department was promptly on hand, but as has often been the case before, the fire was extinguished before they reached it, so that the boys had the pleasure of dragging the steamer back again. The fire is supposed to have been caused by the rafters and plaster between the shed and the house, igniting from the stove-pipe which projected into the shed and thence to the roof. No very great damage was done, owing only however, to the prompt action of the people in getting water upon it.

—Cabeen's Hall was well filled on Friday evening, on the occasion of the temperance lyceum. A number of persons found only standing room. The exercises consisted of a quartette, "The little brown church in the vale," by Marietta Beall, Mary Bache, George Hibbs and Sam. Vanzant; a poem written by Frank P. Adams, which he recited, entitled "Only Sixteen," founded upon an incident of a lad "only sixteen" dying in the street intoxicated; a solo, "Come birdie come," by Sam. Vanzant; an essay, by Sarah H. Peirce, upon rum and tobacco; a reading from "Widow Bedott," by Miss Ellie Turner, and the recitation and singing of "Rock of Ages," by Miss Annie W. Pray. The president, Mr. Swain, then announced that the regular programme was ended, and after making a few pertinent remarks upon the temperance question, invited any person to speak who felt inclined, and the Rev. Mr. Swinden responded in a short speech, urging the temperance people to be earnest and alive in the cause, and not allow their actions to be governed by impulse only, but to have their hearts in the matter and work from principle. Sarah H. Peirce followed, and referred to the petition against license which was sent to the court at Doylestown, about two years ago, which was scarcely noticed, because only signed by women; she urged that a petition of a similar character, to which all the names on the former one should be obtained, in addition to the names of all the men who would consent to sign it, should be presented at court, protesting against the licensing of the sale of intoxicating liquors in our borough. After a couple of songs, volunteered by a gentleman in the back part of the audience, the meeting dispersed to meet again to-morrow evening.

Notes and Comments.

Christmas comes but once a year.

A white or a green Christmas, which?

The ice crop is rather backward so far.

There is a change at the Delaware House.

The Institute will have to enlarge its borders.

Look out for the masqueraders Christmas Eve.

The Bristol Institute has adjourned until next year.

The lecture of Gen. Banks was slimly attended.

Jesse Jackson's window looks very brilliant by gas light.

Christmas trees are not so popular in Bristol as last year.

It is said that Christmas had its origin in a Pagan festival.

The great bank clerkship contest has been amicably settled.

Doremifasolasido seems quite popular in Bristol, at present.

The usual impressive ceremonies will take place at St. Marks.

St. James' Church will probably be the most handsomely decorated.

Besides a confectionery, Bath street has a "confectionist" store.

Bristol is Happy! We have a Baby Show at Wood's Cheap Store.

The river steamboats have stopped running Sundays, for a season.

On the ragged edge of despair—the turkey who survived Thanksgiving.

The elephant (hard times) goes round and round, and pocketbooks are flat.

J. Wesley Wright's store looks at present like the home of Santa Clause.

Nathan Hellings had nearly all his ice gathered this time last year.

A pomological exhibition is seen in the window of Capt. Warrick's store.

By what token are members of the Institute distinguished from the visitors?

The Mission School will have its holiday festival next Thursday evening.

Stockton's barber shop has been visited by the renovating touch of progress.

The pavements will soon be icy enough for lady-slippers to say Johnny-jump-up.

Radcliffe street, between Mill and Market, has been well planted with oyster shells.

Every one speaks in high praise of the meeting of the Institute on Tuesday evening.

The Temperance lyceum, at Cabeen's Hall, to-morrow evening, should not be forgotten.

The *Delaware Valley Advance* appears this week with an illustrated Christmas supplement.

The Methodists have a five o'clock prayer meeting, on Christmas morning, to usher in the day.

The colored folks will hold their Christmas Sunday School celebration about New Year's Day.

The Mill street menagerie-cigar store has added a specimen of sable darkness to its collection.

A shooting match is talked of for Christmas. Mr. Conly will be on hand to protect the sportsmen from the pigeons.

Bristol has but one church bell, but who will be rash enough to say that there is but one belle in the churches?

—A valuable horse belonging to Joseph Dubree, of Pineville, died recently of putrid fever. It was valued at $175.

The newest sensation in Gotham is Edward Kimball, "the church debt raiser." Wanted, a church debt preventer.

Hulmeville is proud of its new mail arrangements—A letter to Philadelphia answered the same day. Wonderful!

Is there any movement afoot to protest against the licensing of places to sell ardent spirits in our borough?

Rev. Mr. Brooks said that Bristol was a difficult town to get away from. Did he get any of the famous herrings?

A letter addressed to Santa Claus, dropped in the letter box at the post office, was received by him in *propria persona*.

Hard times bring things down to hard pan. Bristol has a five-cents barber shop on Swain street, Alfred Tustin, proprietor.

The maple grove on Pond street looks deserted and bare. It is not such a favorite place of resort as during the Summer.

The crows are seen every evening in great numbers flying to their rendezvous in New Jersey. They are caw-cussers.

Crow shooting is worse than pigeon shooting, for pigeons are an article of food, while nobody but a politician ever eats crow.

The Jackson Club held a meeting last night to complete arrangements to help inaugurate "Little Mac." Carry the news to Tilden.

—Richard Dyer, of Northampton, has purchased the store property of Edward Tomlinson, in Scottsville, Southampton township, for $2,300.

At the railroad crossing at the canal bridge two sign boards, bearing the legend, "Look out for the locomotive," stare the passers-by in the face.

Longfellow's "The Hanging of the Crane," is very popular, but just now the hanging of the stocking is in greater favor among the juveniles.

—The farm of the late John B. Wright, near Fallsington, containing 87 acres, was purchased by the widow on Tuesday, at public sale, for $116 per acre.

The Friends' anniversary will last all next year, as they propose buying new books for their library rather than spending the money on one celebration.

Where is the boy whose catholicity of spirit last year about this time, led him to successfully palm himself off as a member of each of the Sunday Schools?

The word "duo," as used in the programme of the Institute, is correct, all criticisms to the contrary notwithstanding, unless the dictionaries are all wrong.

The woman question *did* come up again at the Institute; like Banquo's ghost "it will not down." The New York *World* calls them "the woman women."

It is said that jaunty English girls now tip their hats in acknowledging a bow. The little round felt Oxford hat is the kind used. The fashion has not reached Bristol.

J. H. Foster & Son's store windows look quite brilliant, and one is especially attractive by reason of the presence of a fine copy of Faed's painting of "The Mitherless Bairn."

The beautiful little poem, "Ashes of Roses," in the December St. Nicholas, written by Elaine Goodall, only thirteen years of age, was first published in the GAZETTE, about two years ago.

A decorated jar in Bostwick & Co's window is quite pretty. You can have one as pretty by exercising a little patience and taste in using an old jar, a few pictures, paste, paint and varnish.

It is suggested that the art committee of the Institute report in favor of a loan collection to be held for a week. Members of the Institute to be admitted free, and other persons to pay a small fee. Why not?

The eternal fitness of things was thought of when a fever and ague remedy was painted on the fence running along the old forge road, in such close proximity to the ditches and undrained meadows.

Christmas Sunday School festivals are now in order. The Baptist takes place next Monday evening, the St. James at the same time, the Methodist on "the night after Christmas," the Presbyterian the following Friday.

The Philadelphia *Star* says of the dinner given by the *Atlantic Monthly* to its contributors in honor of Whittier's birthday, that it did what it is very careful never to do in its table of contents—it left the women out.

The girls of larger growth go into ecstacies before the windows of the millinery stores—the younger ones are the window-wishers at the confectionery stores. The young men consider it undignified, or are too modest to express their admiration of the attractions in the shop windows.

Bristol Institute.

The sixth meeting of the Institute for this season, on Tuesday evening, was attended by the largest audience yet present at its gathering, and the programme offered was as usual very interesting.

A piano duo, "Les Dames de Seville," by Mrs. Bartow and Miss Bostwick, an essay by Dr. Knox giving his answer to the query "Has the race advanced?" a reading by Miss Anna R. Bailey of "Uncle Aminidab's Courtship," a vocal duo, "The Swallows Farewell," by Miss Annie L. Thomas and Miss Kate Hay, and an essay, "A visit to Mount Auburn," by Joseph W. Swain, completed part first, and after a short recess the exercises were continued by an instrumental duo—a galop by Mr. Collins and Miss Woolston, an essay upon "The Woman Question," by John K. Wildman, an anonymous contribution on "The Power of Thought," read by Miss Sallie M. Hawke, and a vocal trio, "Winds Gently Whisper," by Miss Bache, Miss Hay and Joseph W. Swain. A proposition from J. W. Bostwick that a new feature be introduced to the meetings of the Institute to consist of an exhibition of works of art was, upon motion, referred to a committee consisting of Samuel Swain, J. W. Bostwick, Miss Edith L. Peirce, and Miss Kate Bostwick to report at the next meeting. A motion to adjourn was then carried and the meeting was at an end.

Morrisville Notes.

About 8:30 o'clock on Saturday night, whilst the question for debate at the Lyceum was being discussed, a gentleman announced that a fire had broken out at the head of the town. As usual, a fire creates great commotion and excitement, and most of the gentlemen left the hall to render what assistance they could. The fire however, proved to be just beyond the borough; it being the barn of the widow Burgess. Two cows and five calves were burned. An engine from Trenton did good service in quenching the flames. It is not positively known how the fire originated, but is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Samuel Burns has rented the Morrisville bakery; the previous baker did not stay in the place long enough for the people to ascertain his name.

The room in the upper story of the Town Hall has been rented by the Council to a committee of the total abstinence men.

A series of temperance meetings was held in the Advent Church, last week. Mrs. Dr. Heston lectured on the 10th inst. on temperance, in the Presbyterian Church. One evening last week a number of signers from Newtown attended the meeting at the Advent Church, and were treated to coffee and an abundance of other good things, at the close of the meeting at the house of Mr. Boileau. Mrs. Howell, and some other good ladies of the place having gotten up the collation. Several of the Morrisville club were also invited in to partake of the refreshments.

Some person or persons thought they would have a cheap ride the other night, so they hitched up the horse of Messrs. Magee & Barwis to the carriage belonging to J. Hibbs, without the consent of the owners, and took a ride. Should the offenders be discovered the ride may prove a dear one to them.

Messrs. Wright & Eastburn went to New York State for the purpose of purchasing cattle and brought home with them twenty-six head.

Warminster Notes.

Ivyland lyceum was well attended on Thursday evening last. An attendance fee of five cents is now charged to persons who are not members.

Wm. Gerhart, who was charged with stealing a horse from the stables of Jonty Stackhouse, in Warminster, plead guilty at the Doylestown criminal court, and was sentenced to the penitentiary.

Joshua Bennett, of Warminster, has recently made some large sales of vinegar in Philadelphia, and is now engaged in shipping it down by the North East Railroad.

J. Davis Duffield, Esq., of Philadelphia, delivered an interesting lecture at the Davisville Church, on Saturday evening last. Subject—Wealth vs. Riches.

At Ivyland they had three runaways in one afternoon recently; one pair of mules was quite suddenly checked by coming in contact with Lacy's wire fence.

The track layers on the Newtown Railroad are above Southamptonville, and the whistle of the iron horse is easily heard through our township.

Joseph Roberts is busily engaged in building a fine new house on the unseated land he purchased of Horace Phillips, one half a mile northwest of Ivyland.

That young man once in the employ of Jonathan Stackhouse, of Warminster, who has been spending a season of high life in Philadelphia, and elsewhere, and has been a subject of news for the newspapers from time to time, has, like the prodigal son, returned to the house of his uncle and asked forgiveness.

Samuel Robinson threshes 138 dozen of wheat, large bind, in eight hours, with his one-horse power and threshing machine, manufactured by Hulshizer & Lazeliere.

The new Odd Fellows Hall, built by the Spring House Lodge, at Spring House, Montgomery county, will be publicly dedicated on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 22th, 1877.

Andalusia Items.

Tramps! tramps! tramps! The street is full of them, wending their way, it is supposed, to their comfortable quarters at the Hotel Penoypack. The "Correctin," as the inmates call the establishment, is at present a very popular resort, having about two thousand boarders. The city fathers have decided to utilize the muscles of these unfortunates in repairing and improving the public roads in this portion of the city limits. Whether it is right thus to deprive the *honest* laboring man of his means of supporting himself and family, is a question. Are they not thus using the paupers to make *more* paupers.

Our boarding schools, Andalusia Hall and Potter Hall, are having about their usual attendance. The boys are happy in the prospect of the Christmas holidays. To no one is this delightful season more welcome than to the school boy or girl away from home. The remembrance of these happy re-unions with family and friends, give us pleasure even in after years.

The choir of Christ Chapel, Eddington, is making extra preparations for the music on Christmas day. The directress, Miss Thomas, of Bristol, is rendering very effective service by her energy and enthusiasm, and the little choir seems to have awakened to new life.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol Post Office, Wednesday evening, Dec. 19, 1877: J. Allen, Joseph Curry, Rosina Curle, John Curren, John Dunlap, Emile Ehlinger, William Golson, Charles Kellingsworth, Daniel Kernan, Mr. Letkner, Annie E. Leddon, John Murphy, Peter Murphy, Julia Molson, Thomas Mager, Michael M. Laughlin, Margaret Parker, Annie Price, John W. Ryan, Howard Reeder, Mary E. Scott, Hattie M. Stager, G. L. Taylor, Louis Vandegrift and Charlotte Wink.

Song of the wee one;—

"Me want Christmas tree
Yes, me do;
Want an orange on it,
Lots of candy, too.

"Want some new dishes,
Want a red pail,
Want a rocking horse
With a great long tail.

"Won't you buy 'em, mama?
Tell me why, you won't?
Want to go to bed?
No, me don't."

A remarkable cure was effected by the alarm of fire on Tuesday afternoon. A young man who had been limping around all the week with a mashed toe, was healed so quickly that he sailed down Radcliffe street so swiftly that a game of euchre could have been played on his coat tail.

New Hope and Vicinity.

The New Hope Public School house is in sad need of a new bell.

Rev. Mr. Sanderlin expects to begin protracted meetings very soon.

On Thursday evening last, a ball was given at Johnson's Hall, New Hope.

The New Hope Building Association held its regular monthly meeting on last Thursday evening.

The firm of Whiteley & Schermerhorn, of the "Celebrated Troupe," has been changed to Whiteley and Devinney.

Christmas and the holidays being near, the shop windows of New Hope and Lambertville have a very attractive appearance.

Postmaster Dean and Councilman Johns are having their houses repainted, an improvement that adds much to their appearance.

At the meeting of the Common Council on last Friday evening, a formal transfer of the engine and hose was made to the new fire company.

Work on the new engine house was begun on Tuesday. We understand that it is to be a very modest one, and to serve only for the time being.

At the chapel prayer meeting last Friday evening "Paul at Rome," was the subject. The prayer meetings are very interesting, and all will profit by attending.

On Wednesday evening the K. of P. Lodge of Lambertville celebrated their ninth anniversary with a supper. Quite a number were present and a good time generally enjoyed.

The city of Lambertville is macadamizing Bridge street from the feeder to the Delaware Bridge. This is a much needed improvement and will be a credit to the place when finished.

Rev. Mr. Gilbert, of Yardleville, preached an eloquent sermon in the chapel on last Sunday afternoon. His text was "His name shall be called wonderful." He preached again in the evening in the Methodist Church.

A temperance society has been formed in Solebury. It holds its meetings monthly in the Thompson Memorial Church. Robert Tomlinson is the President; W. Taylor, the Secretary, and Rev. W. D. Roberts, the Chaplain.

On last Friday Mr. Howard Paxson, of New Hope, picked several strawberries from his patch. Dr. R. C. Foulke found a number of dandelions in his yard, which has a northern exposure. It is evident that our calendar wants rectifying.

We understand the Solebury Lyceum has started this season under very favorable circumstances and is at present in a flourishing condition. The meetings are held on Saturday evenings, and the question for the next debate is that of the remonetization of silver.

Under the auspices of the Lambertville Reform Club, a literary society has been formed in that city. It holds its meetings in Lair's Hall, Bridge street, on Monday evenings. The following is a list of the officers: President, Thomas Crawley; Secretary, Horace Smith; Treasurer, Warren A. Green. The question for the last discussion was that of Woman Suffrage.

On Monday evening Rev. Dr. Studdiford, of Lambertville, delivered his third lecture on his travels abroad, in the First Presbyterian Church of that city. Quite a large audience was present, and the lecture has been declared by many to be decidedly the best of the course. Among many interesting features of the lecture were the descriptions of places of interest in and about Edinburgh, Melrose Abbey, Robert Bruce's Cave, Abbottsford, the home of Scott, and the lake to which he has given renown in "Lady of the Lake." All who can enjoy a rich intellectual treat, should attend these lectures. The next will be "Holland and Belgium."

☞All over the world Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is making its way, and every place it reaches consumptive people are more seldom met. It is truly a blessing to humanity, and only costs 25 cents.

Mr. Carlyle does not think much of the ballet, and has compared the dances to "animated compasses."

Philadelphia Markets.

Wednesday, December 19, 5 P. M.

FLOUR.—There was more doing at the late decline. Superfine at $4 25 a 4 75; extra at $5 a 5 50; Pennsylvania family at $6 37½ a 6 75; Minnesota extra at $5 75 a 6 50, the latter rate for fancy, Ohio family at $6 50 a 6 75; Southern family at $6 55; Kentucky amber at $6 75, Kentucky white wheat flour at $7; Kentucky patent at 7 50 a 8 50; Minnesota patent at $8 a 8 50; and choice grades winter wheat family made from choice amber and white wheat at $8 a 9 25 per bbl., according to quality. Rye Flour.—Sales were reported at $3 90 a 4 12 per bbl. Feed.—Bran sells at $20 per ton. Buckwheat Meal is quoted at $2 75 a 3 per 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—Wheat was in better demand, and prices were rather firmer. Delaware amber at $1 45 a 1 47; spring at $1 25 a 1 30; Western red at $1 40 a 1 41; Western amber at $1 43 a 1 44; No. 2 Western red at $1 40 a 1 41; Pennsylvania amber at $1 44; and Western white at $148; and Kentucky white at $1 50 per bushel. Rye.—Pennsylvania at 73c., Delaware at 70c. Corn was in better demand and firmer. Pennsylvania and Southern yellow at 65c.; Western mixed at 64 a 65c.; Western yellow at 65c.; old sail mixed, spot, at 64½c.; and sail mixed, in elevator, at 64½c. per bushel spot; new Southern yellow at 54 a 57c., and new Western at 55 a 60c.; new, sail, mixed, at 60½c. Oats were dull; choice white sold at 38 a 38½c; choice mixed at 37½c.; mixed at 36c. per bushel.

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Monday Evening, December 17, 1877.

The cattle market was moderately active this week, and prices were a fraction higher. 2300 head arrived and sold at the West Philadelphia Drove Yard at 3¾a7½c, and a few choice at 8c.; and 1300 head at the North Philadelphia Drove Yard at 4a 6½c. per pound.

SHEEP were dull. 9000 head sold at the West Philadelphia Drove Yard at 3¾a6c.; and 700 head at the North Philadelphia Drove Yard at 4¼a5¼c. per pound, as to condition.

HOGS were rather lower. 5000 head sold at the West Philadelphia Drove Yard at 5¾a6¼c.; and 1100 head at the North Philadelphia Drove Yard at 5½a6¼c. per pound, ars to condition.

HAY AND STRAW MARKET—For the past week: Loads of Hay, 411; Straw, 114 loads. Average price during week: Prime Timothy, 80c. a 85c; Mixed, 70c. to 75c. Straw, 55c. a 65c. per 100 lbs.

MARRIED.

FULMER—PAGET.—December 11, 1877, by Rev. W. E. Cornell, at the residence of John F. Lodge, Esq., the bride's uncle, Mr. William H. Fulmer and Miss Emma L. Paget, all of Bustleton, Philadelphia.

PALZER—LEIDY.—November 29th, 1877, by Rev. W. E. Cornell, at the Baptist Parsonage, Bustleton, Philadelphia, Mr. George B. Palzer, of Byberry, Philadelphia, and Miss Mary Jane Leidy, of Evansburg, Pa.

SMITH—BRIGGS.—At the residence of Theodore S. Briggs, near Buckmanville, on the evening of the 12th inst., under the care of Wrightstown Monthly Meeting of Friends, Edward Smith and Emily K. Briggs, both of Upper Makefield.

DIED.

BRUDON.—In Bristol, December 17, 1877, Rebecca S., wife of William Brudon, and daughter of William and the late Sarah Hibbs.

WILDMAN.—At his residence in Fallsington, December 15, 1877, Dr. Elias Wildman, aged 83 years.

BENNETT.—At her residence, near Davisville, December 14th, 1877, Elizabeth, wife of Benjamin Bennett, at an advanced age.

BREADY.—At his residence, Huntingdon Valley, December 13th, 1877, Thomas Bready, in the 60th year of his age.

SMITH.—At her residence, Horsham, Montgomery county, December 10th, 1877, Mary, wife of Oliver Smith.

POULTERER.—December 11th, 1877, William Poulterer, President of the Frankford and Southwark Railroad Company, in his 64th year.

WHITE.—At Penn's Manor, December 10, 1877, Anna E., wife of Howard White, and daughter of the late Charles Ellis.

WORTHINGTON.—In Centreville, December 11, 1877, Deborah Worthington, aged 93 years.

DR. THOMAS,

COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION.

NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

DR. THOMAS makes a specialty of extracting teeth absolutely without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide. Over 63,000 persons have successfully inhaled the gas at his office

912 Walnut Street, (South Side), Philadelphia.

977

NOTICE.---Save your Tallow, Old Lard, Pork, Butter and Grease of all kinds.

Highest Cash Prices Paid or Exchanged

For SOAPS.

For information address or call on

E. C. NEIDT & CO., Corner Market and Union Sts., Trenton, N. J.

Branch Soap Works—Chambersburg, N. J.

SUCCESSORS TO A. W. YARD, AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF A. W. YARD'S

SUPERIOR BROWN ROSIN SOAP.

FOR SALE BY WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS.

N. B.—Parties desiring to ship by rail, will, on information, receive our best attention.

112 E. C. NEIDT & CO.

New Advertisements.

Articles for Christmas!

The present condition of the times has created a demand for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS which combine elegance with usefulness, and for the convenience of friends at a distance, we enumerate below a few of the many things of beauty and lasting value with which our large store is filled to overflowing:

THE SILK DEPARTMENT is displaying an extensive line of

COLORED SILKS, FOR STREET AND EVENING WEAR,

in the latest and choicest colorings. Also, the

STANDARD MAKES OF BLACK SILKS,

the durability in wear of which is constantly commended by those of our customers who have worn them.

THE COAT AND SHAWL-ROOM

is crowded with the largest assortment of beautiful and exclusive styles of

COATS, WRAPS, AND SHAWLS

to be found in America.

The largest stock in Philadelphia of

THE LATEST EUROPEAN NOVELTIES IN DRESS FABRICS,

imported recently, and offered at lower figures than the identical goods are now being sold in Paris or London.

To those desiring low-priced, but nice-appearing and well-wearing materials, are offered a

LINE OF SUCH FABRICS,

purchased at a time when ready cash secured bargains, which have not been reordered. Prices range from 12½ to 40 cents.

A present of especial use is

MATERIAL FOR A WATER-PROOF,

of which we have a good quality—Blue, Black, Brown, and Gray, for 75 cents a yard.

Also,

Ladies' Winter Cloakings,

in great variety.

Hosiery and Underwear,

especially in Silk, are at present very popular for gifts. Our assortment of these goods is unequalled, and prices but small advances on those of the manufacturers.

French Cardigan Jackets,

the make of Lavalard Freres. The only perfect-fitting Jacket made.

Exquisitely Embroidered Covers for Pianos, Organs, and Tables.

Linen Napkins, Doylies, Table-Cloths, &c., to match or singly.

Counterpanes in Exclusive Patterns and Colored Borders.

The Fancy Goods Department

is replete with those little tokens of friendship which though costing little, are esteemed highly by the recipient.

Initial Handkerchiefs, Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, Silk Handkerchiefs in Boxes, Colored-Bordered Handkerchiefs,

Embroidered Collars and Cuffs, Neckties and Bows, Lace Scarfs,

AND AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF FANCY GOODS WHICH CANNOT BE ENUMERATED.

Every mail brings us letters from persons who have ordered goods through our Mail Order Department, thanking us for establishing so convenient and satisfactory a system for forwarding goods to consumers at a distance. Samples cheerfully sent to those requesting them.

Strawbridge & Clothier,

N. W. CORNER EIGHTH & MARKET STS.,

PHILADELPHIA.

908

HOLIDAY GOODS,

COMBINING the useful with the beautiful. Everything in the Farmer's line from a Threshing Machine to a Flower Trellis, any of which would be suitable for a Holiday present, can be found at

J. W. CORNELL & CO.'S,
Farmers' Headquarters,
88 Warren Street, Trenton, N. J.

Corn Poppers, Nut Crackers, &c.

WOOD'S VARIETY SHOW.

SCHENCK'S HALL,

Schenck's Station.

Saturday, December 22d, 1877.

Doors open at 7 o'clock.

TICKETS, - - 25 CENTS.
CHILDREN, - - 15 CENTS.

Auditor's Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Bucks County to audit and make distribution of the balance in the hands of Andrew J. Hibbs and Rebecca Hibbs, Executors of the Estate of Mahlon G. Hibbs, late of the Borough of Bristol in said county deceased, to and amongst the persons legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice to all persons interested that he will meet them at his office in the Borough of Bristol, on SATURDAY, the 5th day of January, 1878, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to attend to the duties of his appointment.

110 ANTHONY SWAIN, Auditor.

PUBLIC SALE

OF

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE,

In Bristol.

WILL be sold at Public Sale, on TUESDAY, JANUARY 8th, 1878, on the premises, on CEDAR STREET, in Bristol, situated in the best part of the borough, near steamboat landings and railroad depot, a Ten-Roomed House, with all the modern improvements, double Parlors, wide Hall, Dining-Room and Kitchen on the first floor, and four rooms on the second, and two on the third. There is a well of lasting water at the door, under cover.

The lot is 82 feet front and 111 feet deep, with stable, carriage-house, some fruit trees, and plenty of shade.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock P. M., when conditions will be made known by

STEPHEN W. SHAW.

WM. KINSEY, Auctioneer. 111

NEW STOCK

OF

Holiday Goods!

Ladies' and Gents' Gold Watches and Chains, Gold Setts, Breastpins, Ear Rings, 18 K. Plain Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, Neck Chains, Children's Rings, Lockets and Charms, Shawl and Scarf Pins, Gold, Silver and Steel Spectacles and Eye Glasses, in great variety.

Also, Opened This Day, Direct from the manufacturers, A Large and Beautiful Stock of

Silver Plated Ware,

Consisting of Ice Pitchers, Goblets and Waiters, Cake Baskets, Dinner, Breakfast and Pickle Castors, Butter, Berry and Pudding Dishes, Syrup Cups, Spoon Holders, Call Bells, Children's Cups, Card Receivers, Napkin Rings, Ladles, Knives and Forks, Table, Tea, Egg, Mustard and Salt Spoons, Butter Knives, Nut Picks, Individual Salts, with a fine assortment of other goods kept in our line at reduced prices, cheaper than you can buy the same goods in Philadelphia.

Watch Repairing receives prompt attention by a first-class workman.

103 JOSEPH H. FOSTER & SON.

House for Sale.

A NEW SIX ROOM HOUSE, just finished, on Penn Street. Terms easy. Apply to E. LAWRENCE. 59

For Sale.

EIGHT ROOMED HOUSE, next to corner of Penn and Pond Street. Easy terms. Apply to F. P. CRICHTON, Cedar, below Dorrance Street.

97

Executor's Sale

OF

REAL ESTATE!

PURSUANT to an order of the Orphan's Court of Bucks County, will be sold at Public Sale, on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29th, 1877, at 2 P. M., on the premises, the following Real Estate of Mary B. Tonkin, deceased, situate in the Borough of Bristol, in said County, to wit:

No. 1—A HOUSE AND LOT OF LAND. The Lot containing 14 feet front on the S. E. side of Cedar street, between Walnut and Mulberry streets, by 106½ feet deep, bounded by lands of Margaret Swain, Anthony Tice, &c. The improvements are a Two Story Frame Dwelling House, 14 feet front by 28 feet deep, containing two rooms on each floor, including the attic, with cellar underneath, all finished, with one story Kitchen back, 9 by 14 feet; a well of good water with pump therein, in kitchen, with shade and fruit trees near the house.

No. 2—A HOUSE AND LOT on the East side of Bath street. The Lot containing 16½ feet front, by about 330 feet deep, bounded by lands of William H. White, John Riley, &c. The improvements are a Two Story Frame Dwelling House, about 13 feet front by 28 feet deep, containing two rooms on first and second floors each, and one room in the attic, all finished, with cellar underneath, and shed kitchen back, 13 feet by 7½ feet. A well of good water with pump therein, near the door.

Conditions made known at sale.

CHARLES M. FOSTER, Executor.

WILLIAM KINSEY, Auctioneer. 106

J. Wesley Wright,

NEXT TO CANAL BRIDGE,

Mill Street,

BRISTOL, PA.

HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

(When they come.)

SANTA CLAUS

Will be happy to receive his young friends and their parents, that they may examine the extensive stock we have prepared for this season's display. A variety and assortment that is unequalled in our county, and from which purchasers cannot fail to find something that will suit for gifts for all ages, from an infant to the gray haired sire.

Come and See!

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!

HORSES AND CARRIAGES,
VELOCIPEDES AND EXPRESS WAGONS,
TOOL CHESTS,
SKATES AND SLEDS,
BOOKS AND GAMES,

And a thousand other things for the young that cannot be enumerated.

FANCY DEPARTMENT

Embraces the finest assortment we have ever before offered, and at prices very much below last season's figures.

LEATHER GOODS.

Ladies' and gents' Satchels, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Pocket Books from 10 cents to $1.00.

PAPETERIES IN FANCY BOXES, From 12c. to $2.00.

STERESCOPES AND STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS.

BRONZES AND DECORATED CHINA WARE.

FANCY SOAPS AND PERFUMES.

COLOGNE, VIOLET AND FLORIDA WATERS.

LADIES' AND GENTS' HANDKERCHIEFS In Fancy Boxes.

In fact, an endless variety of Fancy Goods that have been purchased and arranged especially for our Holiday Sales, and through which we will be pleased to show our friends, whether they want to buy or not.

J. Wesley Wright,

NEXT TO CANAL BRIDGE,

Mill Street,

BRISTOL, PA.

An Extensive Assortment of Useful goods arranged upon Our Shelves and Counters especially for

HOLIDAY DISPLAY!

And which we would be pleased to show to our numerous patrons.

DRESS GOODS

In endless varieties and shades, from 10 cents to $2.00 yard.

Ladies' Coats from $4 to $20.

LADIES' FURS,

MISSES' AND CHILDRENS' FURS.

HAND-KNIT ZEPHYR GOODS,

CHILDRENS' SACQUES AND CAPS,
LEGGINGS AND MITTS,
LADIES' SLEEVELESS JACKETS.

HANDKERCHIEFS & GLOVES,

Dress Trimmings and Fringes,

LACES, CORSETS, SKIRTS.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

CHEMISES, DRAWERS AND NIGHT DRESSES.

MERINO UNDERWEAR.

GENTS', LADIES' AND CHILDRENS'.

Gents' Shirts and Drawers, from 31c. up. Ladies' good Merino Vest, at 50c.

LARGE ASSORTMENT OF DOMESTICS,

By the yard or piece, at very low prices.

Standard Calicoes, at 5c. yard.

BLEACHED and UNBLEACHED MUSLINS.

COTTON FRANNELS, from 8c. yard, up.

BEAVER AND MATELESSE CLOTHS,

FOR LADIES' AND MISSES COATS.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERS,

TABLE LINEN AND TOWELING.

Trunks and Satchels,

OIL CLOTHS AND CARPETS.

Come and see us.

J. WESLEY WRIGHT.

J. Wesley Wright,

NEXT TO CANAL BRIDGE,

Mill Street,

BRISTOL, PA.

Grocery Department

FITTED UP AND STOCKED FOR

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

SALES!

FRUITS.

Apples, Oranges, Lemons and Grapes,

Raisins, Currants, Citron,

Lemon Peel, Prunes, Dried Apples and Peaches.

NUTS.

English Walnut, Pecans, Chestnuts,

Shellbarks and Walnuts.

WHITMAN'S Choice and Fresh

CONFECTIONS.

Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

Pickles and Meats.

SUGARS at lower price than ever.

New Crop New Orleans Molasses.

Crystal and White Sugar Drips.

HOUSE FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

Sherwood Wire Goods,

Decorated China and Glass Ware.

TOILET SETS. TOY TEA SETS.

Spoons, Knives and Forks.

Silver-Plated and Scotch Wood Napkin Rings.

Baskets, Buckets and Tubs.

All of which we will sell at very low prices.

Miscellaneous.

SWEEPING REDUCTIONS IN PRICES!

Of all our Dress Fabrics,
Of all our Plain Goods,
Of all our Shawls and Skirts,
Of all our Cassimeres for Boys,
Of all our Black Goods,
Of all our Fancy Styles,
Of all our Cassimeres for Men,
Of all our Blankets and Quilts,
Of all our Flannels and Canton Flannels,
Of all our Underwear for Men, Women and Children.

IN FACT

EVERYTHING in the Winter Goods Line is now marked down to closing-out prices, so that there is no need to wait for lower values. This sale is positively to close out the Winter Stock, and it will be done at whatever sacrifice is necessary to accomplish the object.

We invite comparison,
We invite competition,
We invite the public

To call and examine our large and varied assortment and note our prices, and oblige

JOHN MOORE & CO.,
517 & 519 North Second Street, above Noble,
PHILADELPHIA.

23

Immense Sales.

WE HAVE BEGUN A GREAT SALE,

WHICH

IS TO SURPASS ALL FORMER SALES IN ACTUAL BARGAINS.

The Prices have been Marked lower on the

BEST CLOTHING

EVER OFFERED IN PHILADELPHIA!

Some Goods will come down 10 per cent. Some Goods will come down 20 per cent. Some Goods will come down 30 per cent., and the people can see the Startling Reductions—because the tickets show the old price and the present sale price.

Before concluding on this extra sale our prices were evidently lower than anywhere else, but this forty days' sale cuts out all profits and cuts into even the cost. We submit to it in order to get from under the burden of an extremely heavy stock, which is at the present time sufficient for

TWO SEASONS OF BUSINESS.

$4.00 PANTS for	$3.00	$13 OVERCOATS for	$11.50
5.00 PANTS for	4.00	15 OVERCOATS for	13.00
6.00 PANTS for	5.00	18 OVERCOATS for	15.00
7.50 PANTS for	5.50	20 OVERCOATS for	17.00
8.50 PANTS for	6.50	22 OVERCOATS for	18.50
3.50 VESTS for	3.00	25 OVERCOATS for	21.00
3.00 VESTS for	2.25	30 OVERCOATS for	25.00
2.50 VESTS for	1.75	Etc., Etc., Etc.	

The Shirts, Underwear, Gloves, Etc., of corresponding reduction.

Goods made to order in the Custom Department at reduced prices for the next Forty Days.

Sales will be made from day to day according to this New Schedule, though the Goods cannot all be marked for several days.

The Rules of our house continue in force—Giving a Guarantee and Returning Money when purchasers desire.

By Order,

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL,

S. E. CORNER SIXTH & MARKET STREETS, PHILAD'A.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

My beautiful! my beautiful that standeth meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed,
I may not mount on thee again, Thou'rt sold, my Arab steed.

Fret not with that impatient hoof; snuff not the breezy wind;
The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein – thy master hath his gold –
Fleet-limb'd and beautiful, farewell! thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold.

Farewell! those free, untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare;
The silky mane I braided once must be another's care!

Yes, thou must go! the wild free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home – from all of these my exiled one must fly;
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy steps become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.

Will they ill use thee? If I thought – but no; it cannot be –
Thou art so swift, so easy curb'd; so gentle yet so free;
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn,
Can the hand which casts thee from it now command thee to return?

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary step alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
And sitting down by some green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
'Twas here he bow'd his glossy neck, when last I saw him drink.

When last I saw thee drink! – Away, the fever'd dream is o'er,
I could not live a day and know that we should meet no more.
They tempted me my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong,
They tempted me my beautiful! But I have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wast sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back and scour the distant plains;
Away, who overtakes us now, shall claim thee for his pains.

HOW TURKEYS CAME TO BE SO CALLED.—As the season of the year when this fowl is in greatest demand is now at hand, the following story as to how it came by its name will be apropos:—Does the name given to this domestic fowl indicate that it originally came from Turkey? The name Guinea-hen indicates that the bird came from Guinea, where it was first found. The name Pheasant is derived from the river Phasis, in Asia, where the fowl is native. The name Dorking shows that the bird came from Dorking, in England, where it was common. In like manner does the name Turkey indicate that the bird came from Turkey? The answer to this question is, No. How, then, came it to have this name? This is the answer: A certain large trading corporation called the Turkey Company, traded first to the East Indies and then to the West Indies and the adjacent continent, where this bird was found. In some of the Company's ships it was brought to England, and was called the Turkey Company bird, the Turkey bird, and the Turkey. [See Hakluyt's Voyages.] In the same way, Indian corn was called Turkey corn, it being brought by the Turkey Company, and Spanish corn, it being cultivated by the Spanish in America. Some epicures have fancied that the flesh of the bird is in greater perfection in its native country than in Europe. If the fact is so, it may be owing to its being fattened here upon Indian corn, which communicates its sweetness to the flesh. Others prefer the wild turkey to the domesticated species, because of its gamy flavor; but it is generally less juicy, and is rarely taken in so good a condition for the table as the tame fowl. The acorns and nuts upon which it feeds give a coarse taste to the flesh which does not pass off even with "ripening." Other early pioneers never shot turkeys, but captured them alive in traps.—These traps were simply covered, with one side partially open at the bottom, and the corn was scattered along inside and out and turkeys finding which entered. The foolish bird never looked down to find the entrance but always aloft to discover an exit.

SHOPPING IN VENICE.—Shopping is quite a feat in Venice. A lady who sets out on a shopping expedition may well prepare herself for doubtful and hostile encounters. Having found the object sought, she demands the price. The shop-keeper names a sum of one third more to double the value of the article. The customer starts back with a curious sort of shriek, which commences on a high key, ascends slightly, and then suddenly falls, a sound expressing incredulity, contempt, and astonishment, and after an instant of silence offers less than half the sum demanded. The same howl of indignation is then repeated by the shopkeeper, only an octave lower. He protests "that the amount asked is in reality too low; that from anxiety to please the Signora he had mentioned his very lowest rate." The purchaser then offers half of the first required sum. Another howl of derision from the shopkeeper, who, however, drops perhaps a fourth of his price. The customer takes up her parasol and departs. Once outside she calls out a slight advance on her offer. The proprietor invites her to enter again, and proposes that they shall "combinari," i. e., combine, and endeavor to meet on common ground. The customer repeats her ultimatum. The shopkeeper declares that "at such ruinous rates he might as well close his shop." The lady loses patience, and quits this time without looking back. After she is some paces from the door the shopkeeper sends a small boy, kept for the purpose, after her, or calls himself from the door: "The Signora can have it this time," he says sadly, "but he will never sell again so cheap." He folds it up and hands it to her with a graceful flourish, saying with a courteous bow, "Servo sua" (literally, her servant), in which the clerks and even the small boy join in chorus.—*Galaxy.*

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS VOID.—The Philadelphia *Times* says: "On the 23d of July, 1874, Martin Power, of this city, died, leaving a will dated July 9, 1874, by which, after certain small bequests to his two daughters and other relatives, and $400 to charitable institutions, he bequeathed the bulk of his estate, amounting to a considerable sum, to St. Mary's Catholic Church, to be expended in masses for the benefit of his soul. The heirs—the two daughters—opposed this distribution, and in their behalf William H. Hepburn claimed in court that the will of the testator, not having been executed one calendar month before his decease, the legacies above mentioned were void by virtue of the act of April 26, 1855, and the amount thereof should be awarded to the heirs. Mr. A. A. Hirst, representing the Administrator, contended that the residuary clause was valid, as the object of the bequests was not contemplated by the act of Assembly. In the Orphans' Court, a decision was rendered that 'the claim made by Mr. Hepburn must be sustained, and the amount of the legacies to charitable and religious associations will be awarded to the heirs.' The object of the law of 1855 was to nullify the bequests made by a man in his last moments to religious or charitable institutions, through the influence of those interested therein, and against the rights of heirs."

THE AUTUMN MOSQUITO.—The autumn mosquito is unlike the summer buzzer. The summer buzzer comes booming along with some caution, and after you have slapped the place where he isn't, he goes off to settle on the corner of a picture-frame and consider. He waits until you get to sleep, if he can. The autumn mosquito does no such thing. He waltzes on to your counterpane in a frisky manner. He thirsts for blood and is bound to have it. He will let you slap and will dodge about your hand while you wave it, singing a sweet song all the time. He settles down with every assurance and commences to pump out your blood, unmindful of anything you do. Nothing will disconcert an autumn mosquito. He would accept nominations from the Republican, the Democratic, the Prohibitory or the Greenback parties, or would run for Congress without a cent in his pocket. One thing about him is peculiar. He seems to have a special fondness for the edges of ears—which makes a politician his best field for sport. He will sit a-stride an ear and bore holes by the hour. We don't know but it would be a good plan to wear ear-muffers while the autumn mosquito is on his raids.

"Rover," beloved dog of Good Will Fire Company, of Harrisburg, Penn., died on Sunday last. He was a white Newfoundland, above the average size of the breed, and had greatly endeared himself to the members of the company by his faithful attendance at fires and parades and his affectionate disposition. After death he lay in state for several hours in the engine house. He was placed in a neat pine box upon a bed of fresh myrtle leaves. Flowers and geranium leaves were strewn over the body and small flags were placed about the box. At nightfall when nearly 2,000 persons had visited the engine house, the dog was buried in the yard surrounding the building, and the fire-bell was tolled in his honor.

An old school doctor is dying, and the attending clergyman is urging him to prepare for Heaven. "It will be bright and beautiful and peaceful there. You long to go, don't you?"

Patient—"Ye-e-es; but I dunno; do they admit homœopaths?"

MARK TWAIN AS A SOLDIER.

The Story He Told the Ancients and Honorables of Boston.

Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) was among the speakers at the banquet given the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company by the citizens of Hartford. He said:

I wouldn't have missed being here for a good deal. The last time I had the privilege of breaking bread with soldiers was some years ago with the oldest military organization in England—the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of London, somewhere about its six hundredth anniversary. And now I have enjoyed this privilege with its eldest child, the oldest military organization in America, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, on this their two hundred and fortieth anniversary. Fine old stock, both of you; and if you fight as well as you feed, God protect the enemy. I did not assemble at the hotel parlors to-day to be received by a committee as a mere civilian guest. No; I assembled at the headquarters of the Putnam Phalanx and insisted upon my right to be escorted to this place as one of the military guests.—For I, too, am a soldier. I am inured to war. I have a military history. I have been through a stirring campaign, and there is not even a mention of it in any history of the United States or of the Southern Confederacy. To such length can the envy and malignity of the historian go. I will unbosom myself here, where I cannot but find sympathy. I will tell you about it, and appeal through you to justice.

In the earliest summer days of the war I slipped out of Hannibal, Mo., by night with a friend and joined a detachment of the rebel General Tom Harris's (I find myself in a great minority here) army, up a gorge behind an old barn in Ralls County. Colonel Ralls, of Mexican war celebrity, swore us in. He made us swear to uphold the flag and constitution of the United States and to destroy every other military organization that we caught doing the same thing, which, being interpreted, means that we were to repel invasion. Well, you see this mixed us. We couldn't really tell which side we were on. But we went into camp and left it to the God of battles. For that was the term then. I was made Second Lieutenant and Chief Mogul of a company of eleven men who knew nothing about war—nor anything, for we had no Captain. My friend, who was nineteen years old, six feet high, three feet wide and some distance through, and just out of the infant school, was made orderly sergeant. His name was Ben Tupper. He had a hard time. When he was mounted and on the march he used to go to sleep, and his horse would reach around to bite him on the leg, and then he would wake up and cry and curse and want to go home. The other men pestered him a good deal, too. When they were dismounted they said they could'nt march in double file with him, because his feet took up so much room. One night, when we were round the camp-fire, some fellow on the outside in the cold said: "Ben Tupper, put down that newspaper; it throws the whole place into twilight, and casts a shadow like a blank." Ben said: "I ain't got any newspaper." Then the other fellow said: "Oh, I see, 'twas your ear." We all slept in a corn crib, on the corn, and the rats were very thick. Ben Tupper had been carefully and tightly reared, and when he was ready for bed he would start to pray and a rat would bite him in the heel. And then he would sit up and swear all night and keep everybody awake. He was town-bred and did not seem to have any correct idea of military discipline. If I commanded him to shut up, he would say, "Who was your nigger last year?" One evening I ordered him to ride out about three miles on picket duty, to the beginning of a prairie. Said he: "What, in the night, and them blamed Union soldiers likely to be prowling around there any time?" So he wouldn't go, and the next morning I ordered him again. Said he: "In the rain? I think I see myself!" He didn't go. Next day I ordered him on picket duty once more. This time he looked hurt. Said he: "What, on Sunday?—you must be a d——d fool!"

Well, picketing might have been a very good thing, but I saw it was impracticable, so I dropped it from my military system. We had a good enough time there at that barn, barring the rats and the mosquitoes and the rain. We levied on both parties impartially, and both parties hated us impartially. But one day we heard that the invader was approaching; so we had to pack up and move, of course, and within twenty-four hours he was coming again; so we moved again. Next day he was after us once more. Well, we didn't like it much, but we moved rather than make trouble; and this went on for a week or ten days, and we saw considerable scenery. Then Ben Tupper's patience was lost. Said he: "War is not what it's cracked up to be. I'm going home if I can't ever get a chance to sit down a minute. Why do these people keep us humpin' around so? Blame their skins do they think this is an excursion?"

Some of the other town boys got to grumbling. They complained that there was an insufficiency of umbrellas. So I sent around to the farmers and borrowed what I could. Then they complained that the Worcestershire sauce was out. There was mutiny and dissatisfaction all around, and, of course, at such time as this the invader must come around pestering us again, as much as two hours before breakfast, too, when no one wanted to turn out of course. This was carrying the thing too far. The whole command felt insulted. I detached one of my aides and sent him to the brigadier and asked him to assign us a district where there wasn't so much bother going on. The history of our campaign was laid before him; but instead of being touched by it, what did he do? He sent back an indignant message and said: "You have had a dozen chances inside of two weeks to capture the enemy and he is still at large. (Well, we knew that!) Stay where you are this time or I will court-martial and hang the whole of you." Well, I submitted this brutal message to my battalion and asked their advice. Said the orderly sergeant: "If Tom Harris wants the enemy let him come here and get him. I aint got any use for my share; and who's Tom Harris anyway, I'd like to know, that's putting on so many frills. Why, I knew him when he wasn't anything but a darned telegraph operator. Gentlemen you can do as you choose. As for me, I've got enough of this sashaying around so's't you can't get a chance to pray, because the time is all required for cussing; so off goes my war-paint. You hear me?" The whole regiment said with one voice: "That's the talk for me." So there and then, on the spot, my brigade disbanded itself and tramped off home, with me in the tail of it. I hung up my own sword and returned to the arts of peace and there were people who said I hadn't been absent from them yet. We were the first men who went into the service in Missouri; we were the first that went out of it anywhere. This, gentlemen, is the history of the part which my division took in the great rebellion, and such is the military record of its Commander-in-Chief, and this is the first time that the deeds of those warriors have been brought officially to the notice of humanity. Treasure these things in your hearts. And so shall the detected and truculent historians of this land be brought to shame and confusion. I ask you to fill your glasses and drink with me to the reverent memory of the orderly sergeant and those other neglected and forgotten heroes, my footsore and travel-stained paladins, who were first in war, first in peace and were not idle during the interval that lay between.

A VERMONTER ON MR. EVARTS.—At the great meeting held in Cooper Institute in October last, to sustain the administration of President Hayes, at which it had been announced that Mr. Evarts would be present, a gentleman from Vermont, who had never seen the Secretary of State, but had a desire to do so, said to the person seated next to him, "Is Mr. E-varts on the platform?"

"No; he he has not yet arrived."

"He's expected?"

"Oh yes; he'll be along presently."

"I've never seen Mr. E-varts, though I've heard a good deal of him. He's got a farm up to Windsor, in our State."

"Well, When he comes in I'll tell you. The boys generally give him a cheer when he comes on the stage. Ah, there he comes!"

"Is *that* him?"

"Yes."

"William M. E-varts?"

"Certainly."

Well I declare!" exclaimed the Vermonter. "Why he *looks as though he boarded!*"—*Harpers Magazine.*

Chicken-rearing by machinery has reached its last and most glorious period—it even supplies an artificial mother hen for the guileless chicken to brood under at night and fly to in moments of peril during the day. The *hydromere* is a French invention, and strikingly resembles a real hen in all but one particular; beneath its downy breast, instead of a warm heart, there is only warm water. Thus, one after another, by the chicken-hatching machine, by the chicken-food-cramming machine, and now by the heartless *hydromere*, are the innocent joys of chickenhood vanishing.

A PLEASANT INTERVIEW.

"Aha! 'tis cold; I'll wear," he said,
"My overcoat this morning."
His wife turned pale, and then grew red
At this, his note of warning.
In tears she bent; he, stern and cold,
Suspectingly repulsed her;
"Forgive!" sobbed she, "last June I sold
To a porcelain man your ulster!"

Mr. Schuyler Colfax has been called upon to give his lecture on Lincoln 1,200 times in the past three years.

The Pacific mails—Quiet husbands.

Miscellaneous.

A Few Suggestions as to what would be suitable and acceptable

CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

For Ladies, Children and Gents.

A NICE set of Sealskin Furs, $4.00; beautiful set of misses, $1.25; an elegant nickle plated border Pocket-book, costing 12c.; ladies' Silk Umbrellas, $2.00; fine Alpaca, $1.25; a warm Cap, 31c.; two linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched, for 25c.; a large lot of Dolls for little girls, 5, 8, 10, 12, 15, 20c. up to 75c.; elegant Vases, Accordeons, Mouth Organs, Flutes, Chromos, Brackets, walnut carved Hat Racks, only 50c. We have a large lot of Toys, Trumpets, Noah's Ark's, &c., suitable for presents. The largest assortment of Germantown Wools, Zephyrs, &c., and lowest prices. Blankets in great variety, from $2.50 a pair, upward. A genuine pair of Waterproof Boots, for $3.25. Men's and boy's Congress Gaiters, $1.35; a fine pair of tap-sole Gaiters, $1.50; boy's Gaiters, $1.25; boy's Boots, 80c up to $1.75; men's Boots, $2.25 to best, $2.75; men's Working Shoes, $1.00; double sole Gum Boots, $3.00; gents' and boys' Underwear in great quantity, at lower prices than ever; gents' fine all wool Drawers, worth $1.25, only 80c.; red flannel Shirts, $1.00 up to the best, $1.50; good warm Shirts, 30, 35 and 40c.; navy blue flannel Shirts, $1.00 and $1.25—very best, $1.50; Cardigan Knit Jackets, 95c. to the best, all wool, $2.00; boy's Knit Jackets, 37c; a nice assortment of Neckties, Bows, Scarfs, Collars, Cuffs, &c.; Suspenders, 10c. to 25c.; Overalls of all kinds, from 40c. upward; Men's Working Pants, our own make, $1.25 and $1.50. Sole agents of the celebrated "Pearl" White Shirts—3-ply Linen, best muslin, guaranteed fit, only $1.00—the cheapest dress shirt made. Men's genuine Buck Gloves, 65c.; Sheepskin Gloves, 35c.; Men's heavy Buck Gauntlets, $1.50; Horse Blankets, 85c.; a splendid 2 buckle heavy blanket, $1.90.

ZEPHYRS AND WOOLS.

Black and white Zephyr, 12c. oz., colored Zephyr, 14c. oz.; black, white and colored Germantown Wool, 10c. oz.

GLASSWARE—CROCKERY.

Dessert Dishes, handsome patterns, 28c. dozen—very fine, 35c.; Individual Salts, 25 and 30c. dozen; glass Molasses Cups, 20c. up; large glass Pitchers, 50c.; splendid Tea Sets, 45c.; splendid Tumblers, 45c. doz.; Goblets, 50 and 60c. doz.; Lamps, 25c. complete; bronze bottom Lamps (large), all complete, only 50c.

GROCERIES.

Our line of Groceries embraces everything needed for the Holidays. Finest Citron, 25c. lb., preserved Lemon Peel, 12c. lb.; 3 lbs. of new Currants for 25c.; splendid layer Raisins, (new), 10c. lb.; Seedless, 10c.; Atmore's Mince Meat, 9½c. per lb., by the bucket; 2 cans of best Tomatoes for 25c. We are selling Sugars at wholesale prices: Granulated, 10c.; best White, 9½c.; good Rio Coffee, 22 and 25c. lb; Java Coffee, 35c.; splendid Japan Tea, 40c. lb.; Mixed Tea, 40c.; Japan Tea Siftings, 25c. lb.; pure Spices, at lowest prices; Ginger, 8c. quarter; Concentrated Lye, 12c. per box; Washing Soap, 3 and 4c.; Extract Vanilla and Lemon, large bottles, 15c.; Laundry Starch, 6 cts. lb.; Duryea Starch, 10c. lb; a large Coal Shovel, 45c. Great quantities of other goods, too numerous to mention, which we are selling at remarkable low prices. If you want anything that you think no storekeeper keeps in the county, come to us and you will be very likely to find it. We keep everything, and we sell cheaper, on the average, than any New York, Philadelphia, or Trenton store.

J. H. WOOD,
58 Mill Street, Bristol.

Wholesale agent for Compressed Yeast and Atmore's best Mince Meat.
Wholesale office, No. 6 Strawberry Street

Pennsylvania Railroad.

NEW YORK DIVISION.

On and after November 12, 1877,

Trains to and from Bristol Station

For Philadelphia.

Kensington Depot, 7:13, 7:40, 8:26, 9:39 A. M. 12:26, 4:11, 7:21, and 9:17, P. M. West Phila. Depot, 6:25, 10:33 A. M., and 1:25, 3:09, and 9:38 P. M. On Sundays, Kensington Depot, 12:26 and 5:27 P. M. West Phila. Depot, at 9:38 P. M.

For New York.

At 1:16, 8:11, 9:21, and 11:46 A. M., 2:44, 6:21, and 7:44 P. M. Sunday trains 9:21 A. M., and 8:17 P. M.

For Trenton.

At 7:58, 9:21, 11:09, and 11:47 A. M., 2:44, 2:59, 4:34, 5:14, 6:12, 6:21, 7:05, 7:44, and 9:06 P. M. On Sundays, 9:21 9:53, A. M. and 2:59, 8:17, P. M.

☞ The 7.58, 11.09, 11.47, A. M., 2.59, 4.34, and 6.12 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.

From Trenton.

At 6:40, 7:10, 8:00, 9:15, and 10:14 A. M., 12:00 M., 1:05, 2:50, 3:45, 6:55, and 9:14 P. M. On Sundays, 12:00 noon, and 9:14 P. M.

From Philadelphia.

Leaves Kensington Depot, at 7:12, and 10:15 A. M. 2:15, 4:00, 4:30, 5:30, 6:15, and 8:20 P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 8:30 and 11:00 A. M., and 2:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P. M. and 12:00 night.

From New York.

At 8:15, and 10:55 A. M., 12:55, 3:55, and 6:55 P. M.

From Philadelphia, Westward.

Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg Pittsburg and the West, at 8.00, A. M., and 12.55, 6.15, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 7.20, 9.10 A. M. 11.55, P. M., daily.

For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.55 and 11.55, P. M.

For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.20, A. M.

A Through Passenger Train, especially for parties moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12.05 A. M., daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.

For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.

F. THOMSON, Gen. Manager. D. M. BOYD, Jr., Gen. Pass. Agent.
G. W. BARKER, Supt. N. Y. Division.
F. W. JACKSON,
60 Gen. Supt. U. R. R. of N. J. Division.

Trips Resumed to Trenton.

THE STEAMER

Edwin Forrest

Will leave Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, touching at Tacony, Torresdale, Beverly, Burlington, Bristol, Florence, Penn's Manor, White Hill and Trenton.

Leave Arch st. wharf.	Leave South Trenton.
Thursday, 20, 10 A. M.	Thursday, 20, 2 P. M.
Friday, 21, 10½ A. M.	Friday, 21, 2½ P. M.
Saturday, 22, 11 A. M.	Saturday, 22, 3 P. M.
Monday, 24, 1 P. M.	Monday, 24, Don't go
Tuesday, 25, 1½ P. M.	Tuesday, 25, 7½ A. M.
Wednesday, 26, 2½ P. M.	Wedn'day, 26, 8 A. M.
Thursday, 27, Don't go.	Thursday, 27, 8½ A. M.

Leaves Bristol about one hour and a half after leaving Philadelphia or Trenton.

Fare, Philad'a to Trenton, 40cts. Excursion, 60 cts. All other places, 25 cts. Excursion, 40 cts. 755

STEAMER TWILIGHT.

ON and after TUESDAY, NOV. 5th, 1877, the splendid Steamer TWILIGHT leaves Chestnut Street wharf, Philadelphia, at 12 M., for Burlington, Bristol and Florence, touching at Tacony, Riverton, House of Correction, Torresdale, Delanco, Andalusia, and Beverly. Returning, leave Florence at 3 o'clock P. M. and Bristol at 3¼ o'clock, stopping at all the above Landings each way. On the 3 o'clock trip only as far as Bristol, leaving there at 5 P. M. Fare, 25 cents; Excursion 40 cents. 766

Daily Excursions.

THE STEAMBOAT

COLUMBIA

Will leave Bristol at 7.30 A. M., for Philadelphia, touching at Burlington, Beverly, Riverton, Torresdale and Andalusia. Returning, leaves Philadelphia at 2 P. M. Fare, 25c each way. Excursion, 40c. 263

THE CHEAPEST

AND

Best Singing School OF BRISTOL.

AARON R. TAYLOR,

OF PHILADELPHIA,

Will commence the Singing School

IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

On Friday Evening, December 7th,

At 7 o'clock.

Terms: $2.50 for Thirteen Lessons,
Or $3.00 for Tuition and Book.

The advantages of this school over all others in Bristol, lie not only in the amount of instruction given, and in the teacher, who stands second to none in Philadelphia, and who is recommended as the best by Mr. Michael H. Cross,—but in its cheapness, as $2 will cover all expenses; and many will find it still cheaper, for the book to be used the same one that was in use at Mr. Bower's school two years since, viz: "The Song Monarch," and to those owning the book, $2.50 will be the sole expense. 105

A Cordial Invitation

IS extended to the readers of this paper when in Trenton to visit the Jewelry Palace of Messrs.

COOK & JAQUES,
On State Street,

And view their fine display of

Artistic Jewelry,

And choice designs of ladies' and gentlemen's Gold Watches and Chains. Their selection of Roman Gold Neck Chains, Crosses, Lockets, and full Roman setts of Jewelry, Ear Rings, Buttons and Studs are superior to any found in the State. They are of rich designs, and goods that are rare to find. They are constantly adding new and fresh goods to their stock for the Holiday Trade in Clocks, Bronzes for mantle outfits, which make a very beautiful Bridal or Christmas Present, as well as choice peices of Sterling Silver, new and elegant designs of Silver-Plated Wares, Napkin Rings, Pocket Fruit Knives, Tea Spoons, Table Spoons, Forks, and a large variety of Tea, Table and Dessert Knives, and every thing to furnish out a house compliment, including Castors, "Individual Salt Distributors," Soup Ladles, etc. Diamond Rings, and plain 18k. Engagement Rings always on hand. Cook & Jaques ask you to call and look at what they have, and they will try and please you in everything you want, and make prices as low as the quality will allow. Christmas is coming, and we have just what you all want. 89

For Sale.

A DESIRABLE Three-Story Brick Dwelling House and Store on Mill Street. 20 feet front by 36 deep; Kitchen 14 by 20. All in good repair. For terms, which will be made very easy, apply to JAMES V. FOSTER,
67 Bristol.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks County.

BRISTOL, PA., 12th Mo. 6th, 1877.

THE Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank, for the election of Directors, will be held on THIRD-DAY, the 8th of FIRST-MONTH, next, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 1 P. M.
108 CHAS. T. IREDELL, Cashier.

Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that a bill will be presented to the Legislature next session for the repeal of the act entitled "An Act for the establishing of a Law Library in Bucks County," approved the Sixth day of May, Anno Domini, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one.
H. PURSELL.
Bristol, December 8, 1877. 109.

Miscellaneous.

REMOVAL.

MEAD & ROBBINS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

SILVER PLATED WARE,

HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR NEW STORE

No. 916 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,

Where may be found the largest stock of **SILVER PLATED GOODS** to be found in Philadelphia, which for QUALITY, STYLE, and PRICE, cannot be excelled by any other establishment.

45 **HARD METAL GOODS A SPECIALTY.**

B. SMITH,

FURNITURE UPHOLSTERED, REPAIRED, VARNISHED,
AND OILED,
Chairs Re-Caned,
No. 209 Diamond Street, Corner Philip Street, Philadelphia.

All country orders promptly attended to.
Always on hand, a stock of Ladies' and Children's ROCKING CHAIRS, very cheap. Please give me call. 693

IVINS & BROTHER,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Furniture, Bedding and Feathers,

Nos. 64, 66 & 68 North Second, Near Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA. 769

ESTABLISHED 1854.

W. J. HEISS BRO. & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Girard Avenue and Front Street, Philadelphia.

FLOUR A SPECIALTY. 641

C. F. STEINBACH,
Photographer,

834 North Second Street, below Poplar Street, Philadelphia.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO COPYING.

I respectfully ask the readers of this paper to give me a call before going elsewhere,—all I ask is a trial. 696

Go to

E. C. JOHNSON'S

FOR CHEAP BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, AND RUBBERS.

CUSTOM work a specialty; repairing promptly attended to. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. Don't forget the place. At

E. C. JOHNSON'S,
51. **No. 36 Mill Street, Bristol.**

JOHN E. THROPP. DUNCAN McKENZIE. PETER WILKES.

THROPP, McKENZIE & WILKES,

Manufacturers of

Steam Engines,

BOILERS, MILL WORK, SHAFTING,
Pulleys, Hangers, and all kinds of Pottery Machinery,
Foot of Taylor Street, Trenton, N. J. 704

JOSEPH SHERMAN,

MANUFACTURER OF

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
SHUTTERS AND FRAMES,

Siding and Flooring,
MOULDINGS AND BRACKETS,
IN EVERY VARIETY.

Mill—Dorrance Street, west of Railroad,
65 **BRISTOL, PA.**

SLEIGHS

AT

WILSON RANDALL'S

BATH STREET, BRISTOL.

New Millinery Goods,

FALL AND WINTER STYLES,

AT

MRS. W. RANDALL'S,

30 **Bath Street, Bristol.**

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Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF CATHARINE McKNIGHT, late of the Borough of Bristol, County of Bucks, dec'd. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to JOHN S. BRELSFORD, Administrator, Cum testamento annexo.
Or B. F. GILKESON, his Attorney. 91

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF STILWELL SMITH, late of the Borough of Morrisville, County of Bucks, dec'd. All persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to MELVENA BURROUGHS, Administratrix, Morrisville, Bucks County, Pa.
Or B. F. GILKESON, her Attorney. 92

Estate Notice.

ESTATE OF ELIZABETH SMITH, late of the Borough of Morrisville, County of Bucks, dec'd. All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay to MELVENA BURROUGHS, Administratrix, Morrisville, Bucks County, Pa.
Or B. F. GILKESON, her Attorney. 93

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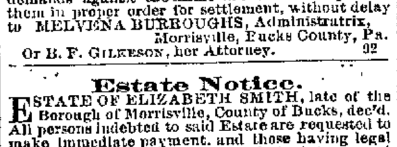

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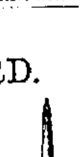

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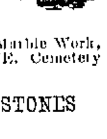

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